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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. G. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

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A BALLAD OF BUTTONS.

They were talking 'neath the elm trees by the meadow's wicket gate,
Where [illegible] to greet her [illegible]
Yet he did not [illegible] homeward, though the eve was growing late.
"And [illegible] feel the falling dew;
Though from the [illegible] firmament the stars began to peep;
And from the [illegible] posture her brother [illegible]
Still, what could be more [illegible] than to check [illegible]
When he saw Cecilia coming down the lane?

They had talked of various matters, when to fill a [illegible]
She archly told her pet buttons o'er,
With "A rich man, a poor man, a beggar man, a thief,"
Recalling all the rhyme with simple lore,
As though the simple buttons, so close above her heart,
Might [illegible] know whose coming step could make her pulses start;
But when she [illegible] the very last, she shook her saucy head,
It could not be a beggar she should wed!

"Those buttons answer wisely," said the rider glancing down
At the [illegible] face that tried to look despair;
"If I ask you for a rosebud you only blush and frown,
Who wins your hand must plead with earnest prayer.
But though he be a beggar, and your oracle is true,
He will be rich indeed, sweetheart, the man who marries you;
You know what I would tell you—for all my heart you see,
Is 'Oh, may I that wealthy beggar be?'"

I cannot tell her answer, the robin overhead
Couldn't not catch the broken murmur, soft and low;
But her eyes were glistening brightly, and her cheeks were rosy red,
As up the meadow path they wandered slow.
And the [illegible] she had forgotten had slipped its [illegible]
And strayed away unheeded far down the [illegible]
For though the year has many months, but one of them is May,
And romance is not spoken every day.
—[Boston Transcript.

UNDER A CLOUD.

Morris Tucker and his uncle sat at their cozy breakfast table one winter morning, each with a copy of the morning's paper in his hand, each with a clouded brow and troubled eye. The elder gentleman was the first to speak.

"It is a bad business, Morris!"

"A bad business, indeed, sir!"

Then there was another long silence, while each again read the ominous news of the failure of a firm whose business was so involved with their own that the failure of one house was nearly utter ruin to the other. The hot chops cooled on the dish, the coffee was untouched, and the breakfast literally forgotten, when the gentlemen left the house to ascertain the extent of their misfortunes. Bad as they feared these would prove, the realities were even worse than the anticipation, and before night the old firm of Tucker & Co. was in the list of failures.

There was a dreary amount of hard, distasteful work to be done after the failure was an established fact; but Morris Tucker never flinched from any task or interview till nightshadows fell, and he faced his uncle at the table once more. Then, with set features and a pale face, he said:

"If you can spare me for an hour, sir I think I had better call on Miss Cresswell."

"I can spare you, but are you wise to hurry an interview that, I fear, will be very painful?"

"Better to understand my position at once, sir. If—" he moistened his dry lips here, as if the words choked him—"if Meta is true to me I will remain here and try to work my way up again to the position I held only yesterday. If she frees me from my engagement, I accept your proposal to go to California."

"I think it is a good time to look up those old claims," said Mr. Tucker, sliding easily over the first part of his nephew's speech; "there may be money in them."

"We will see! If I do not go we may be able to find some trusty messenger."

"I am afraid you will go," his uncle said.

"It may be. Mrs. Cresswell is a worldly woman."

"Meta is a worldly woman! Nay, let me speak, Morris. I have said nothing before, though my heart was sore over your choice of a wife. Meta is wonderfully fascinating, beautiful and accomplished as but few women are, but she is thoroughly heartless. I hoped your choice would fall on Clarice."

"Clarice! She is a mere child!"

"Only two years younger than Meta. I love her very dearly, Morris."

"But you are fond of Meta!"

"No! For her father's sake, the brother of my dead wife, I have tried to love Meta but she repels me!"

"Yet you never spoke when I told you I should seek to win her love."

"Because love is too sacred in my eyes for any one to interfere with its expression. If Meta loves you I will give her warm welcome and cordial affection when she becomes your wife, Morris. But nerve yourself for the worst, my boy."

Nerved for the worst Morris Tucker sought his betrothed bride. From the time he had come from his Western home, an orphaned lad of nineteen, to accept his uncle's offer of a home he had met Meta Cresswell constantly. He had received cordial welcome from her mother, and had not suspected the schemes and subtle influence that had led him on, step by step, from the position of friend to that of accepted suitor of the beautiful girl. While his feet were bringing him slowly to the momentous interview after the failure of the firm of which his uncle had made him full partner, Mrs. Cresswell was schooling her daughter to meet the emergency.

"Did you write to Morris, Meta?" she asked, languidly stirring her coffee.

"Not yet," was the reply. He will probably call, being an honorable gentleman, mamma."

"I hope you will be firm, Meta. Remember that you have been the injured party throughout. From the time your poor papa died I have had every reason to believe Mr. Tucker would make you and your sister the heiresses of his property. He worshipped your aunt, and he never spoke of any relatives of his own until this nephew appeared. I believe there was some quarrel between the brothers that ended in the younger one going West, while John, the elder, remained here. At all events, it is very clear now that Morris would have been heir to the business and property if this failure had not happened. You are to be congratulated that it came before the wedding, instead of after."

Meta shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes! Love in a cottage is not in my style!" And while she spoke the bell rang, and she knew her lover was waiting to test her cold, worldly heart. She sauntered with easy grace into the drawing-room, while up-stairs in her own room her sister Clarice wept for the pain that was to fall upon Morris Tucker's heart.

She was a brown-eyed, golden-haired girl, whose quiet, unpretending charms had long been overshadowed by the more brilliant beauty of her sister Meta. She was timid to a fault, and was her mother's greatest affliction in her career of fashionable gayety. With a higher intellect than Meta's, with more command of foreign tongues, with a true musician's love and knowledge of music, a sweet, clear voice, and wonderful powers of expression, she was so painfully shy that society was a misery to her. Her beauty was of the delicate order that does not strike at first glance, and her affections were carefully hidden in her shrinking, gentle heart.

She had given John Tucker true love since she was a mere baby and sat upon his knee, playing with his watch chain. She had never thought of his money, and when Morris came she was only glad that her dear old uncle, as she called him, was to have a companion and friend. She had never questioned her heart about Morris Tucker, rejoicing sincerely when his engagement with Meta drew him into nearer brotherly relations with herself. She respected his worth, his devotion to his uncle; she admired his talents, his noble, frank beauty, and she grieved deeply over the sorrows so suddenly thrown into his life. Shyly as she had liked him, so she crept away to weep for him. The utter heartlessness that would throw him aside in his troubles was only comprehensible to her from knowing well how her mother and sister worshipped wealth.

She heard the door of the drawing-room open and her sister's voice say coldly:

"Good evening, Mr. Tucker. You have my best wishes for your future success."

Then a voice as cold and haughty answered:

"Thank you. I have the honor to wish you good evening."

The drawing-room door closed, and Clarice could see Morris standing under the hall lamp, silent and evidently wishing to recover somewhat from the pain of the trying interview before going into the street. He was very pale, and the brightness that had formed one of the greatest attractions of his face was all stricken from it. The sad, pallid face conquered all Clarice's shyness. With a sudden, irresistible impulse she glided down the stairs and stood beside Morris. He did not hear the light foot fall upon the thick carpet, nor see that he was not alone until a soft touch on his arm startled him. Looking down he saw a sweet, pleading face, soft brown eyes, misty with unshed tears, raised to his own, while Clarice said, in a low voice:

"Morris, I must tell you how sorry I feel for you and Uncle John."

"Thank you," he said, gravely, covering the little white hand upon his arm with his own; "I will tell my uncle what you say."

"Tell him," she said, earnestly, "that he has no friend who loves him more truly than I do—no one who feels more deeply any misfortune that can happen to him."

"I will carry your message. And will you wish me God-speed, too, Clarice? I shall sail for California in a few days."

The large, brown eyes dilated, while the sweet face grew white as snow. The blow was too sudden. Without word or murmur Clarice fell forward, fainting. Morris caught her in his arms and carried her to the library. It was dark there, and no one saw the kiss he pressed upon the pale lips before he put Clarice gently upon the sofa and left her. He did not linger again in the hall. Snatching his coat and hat hurriedly from the rack he strode into the street and walked rapidly homeward.

Five years passed swiftly, and Meta Cresswell had altered little, when, five years after her parting interview with Morris Tucker, she stood in the wide drawing-room of her mother's house, waiting to greet a number of invited guests. Time had matured her beauty and taken nothing from her great attractions. Clarice, shy as ever, and pretty as a violet, stood near her sister, while Mrs. Cresswell, magnificent in velvet and diamonds, spoke hurriedly:

"Here is strange news Meta, Mr. Jarvis has asked permission to bring a friend, and who do you suppose it is?"

"I cannot guess," said Meta, languidly; "some musical man, I suppose, as Mr. Jarvis is so devoted to Euterpe."

"No; it is Morris Tucker! Oh, Meta, I am so glad you have not positively accepted young Cooke!"

"I thought you were very anxious to be mother-in-law to his $200,000!"

"But not since I have heard of Mr. Jarvis' news. My love, John Tucker had some land claims in California that Morris hunted up and sold for more than double young Cook's fortune. He has come home now, and is settling his uncle's estate, being his heir for everything."

"Uncle John dead!" cried Clarice.

"Yes, more than a year ago, though Morris has just returned. The bell! Some one is coming."

In the crowded drawing-room, an hour later, Morris Tucker bent gracefully over Meta's hand, and responded politely to her cordial greeting. He met all her advances with such evident pleasure in his welcome that her heart beat high with hope. Life had been a struggle for a rich husband even since she had made her debut in society, and now there was one paying her deferential attention upon whose heart she had at once made deep impression. Would he forget that cruel parting interview, and lay his fortune once more at her feet?

Mr. Cooke, a young man about half-witted, possessed of $200,000, watched the brilliant beauty who had smiled so sweetly upon him all winter with jealous eyes after Morris entered the room, but Meta forgot him in her new-born hope. All the evening Morris hovered about Meta, wondering where Clarice had hidden herself; but when the supper call thinned the rooms Meta missed her cavalier. In the conservatory Morris had seen a vision of a golden head and white, fluttering dress; and Clarice, half hidden by a flowering screen, saw him desert Meta to come beside her.

Longing to see him, in an agony of maidenly shame at the secret she had revealed when they parted, she hid there to watch him unseen. But he came swiftly across the flower-bordered path to her side, and taking her hand in his, said:

"Clarice, I have come all the way from California to win your love. Little one, with all my heart I love you. My sole hope of happiness is the hope that you will be my wife. Must I go back again desolate, or will you bid me stay?"

She looked into the earnest face, the pleading eyes, and her heart grew faint with its own happiness as she whispered:

"Stay, for I love you, Morris."

Meta saw the sister she had always despised for her timidity, and the lover she had thrown aside in his poverty, enter the drawing-room together and her heart was full of jealous anger as she read their secret in their happy faces.

She has been Mrs. Cooke for three years—the miserable wife of a jealous miser, whose sole aims in life are to save money and to keep his wife out of society. In their unhappy home there is constant quarreling, while Morris blesses every hour the temporary poverty that led him to appreciate the heart of his little wife, and won for him a knowledge of the treasure of her love. There is a toddling boy named John, who calls Morris "papa," and in the peaceful happiness of her home life and mother love Clarice is rapidly conquering her old timidity and letting the world of society see sometimes what an accomplished, graceful lady Morris has won for his wife.

And Morris, holding her to his heart, will often say, tenderly:

"The happiness of my life commenced, Clarice, when your tender sympathy greeted me at the time I was under a cloud."

Just in Time.

While Colonel John Watkins was plodding his weary way on the road from Laredo to Uvalde, Texas, in company with some friends, they were caught in a thunder shower and thoroughly drenched. Arriving at camp they spread their covering out to dry, and Colonel Watkins' pocketbook having been saturated with water, he emptied it and laid his greenbacks on a blanket to dry. While busily engaged in preparing their food, a jenny, on which they carried their packs, very innocently protruded her tongue and took in her throat $785 of Uncle Sam's currency. The Colonel, by mere chance, happening to look that way just as the jenny was swallowing her valuable rations, ran to her, put his hand in her mouth and down her throat, seized the greenbacks, and to his great joy brought them forth intact. —[*Uvalde Hesperian.*

Journalism Under Difficulties.

There is no newspaper in the world published at such a risk as the Nihilist journal in Russia called the "Will of the People." The lives of all concerned in it, from the editors down to the carriers, are in constant danger. Even those who read it or have it in their possession, if detected, are lodged in a foul dungeon, or doomed to perpetual labor in Siberian mines. No mercy is shown to the writers or printers connected with it, and some of them, rather than to endure the tortures that must inevitably follow discovery, have blown out their brains when caught.

A DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

An Incident in a Country where Cold-Weather is Cold.

"I lived for several years in the Northwest," remarked the Colonel. "The greater part of the time I was in Dakota. I was in Pembina County in the winter of 1881. I don't suppose a colder winter was ever experienced in the whole Northwest. The thermometer registered from 10 to 50 degrees below zero for weeks together, and blizzards were of almost daily occurrence. I had some business to transact in the northern part of the county. It was a bright, sunshiny morning in January when I left the county seat and started for Young's farm, which was situated about fifteen miles distant. I had a fast team, and the cutter was piled full of buffalo robes. I wore a pair of rubber overhals, which are about the best thing to keep the wind out that have ever been invented. I had rubber overshoes on lined with fur, a fur hat which came down over my head like the snuffer of a candle, fur gloves, and over all a long wolf-skin ulster that trailed after me on the ground. It didn't take long to reach Young's. It was too cold to linger by the way. Young's place was laid out as most Dakota farms are. His house was a comfortable frame building without any more rooms than were absolutely necessary. Lumber costs money 300 miles away from the nearest sawmill. His woodhouse was joined to his kitchen, and his barn, which was by all odds the best building on the place, stood at the other end of the yard about 300 feet away. While we were eating dinner we heard a roar like the tramp of an army in the distance, and the house trembled as if it was afraid. Nearer came the roar and nearer, until it sounded as if a battle were being fought in the yard. The house shook until the dishes rattled on the table, and then it rocked on its foundation like a cradle. We looked out of the window, and it seemed as if sheets had been spread across the frames. You could no more see out than if they had been closed in with sheet iron. All this time the sun was shining, and we could see it through the snow rather dim but still at work.

"'Blizzard, by Thunder!' remarked Young laconically when we had recovered from the shock. 'Well, I hope it won't last long, that's all. I'm getting tired of 'em. This makes the fourth we've had this month and the frost lasted nearly a week. We like to've starved to death.'

"All that day and night the storm continued without a second's cessation. And all the next day and the next until we had been in the house for four days and four nights. In the meantime the horses and the cows were nearly famished, and none of us dared to venture out in the howling storm to feed them. Finally, at the beginning of fifth day Young concluded he would try a trip to the barn and give them some food. The weather was bitter cold. I don't think I ever knew before what cold weather meant. Young bundled up until he looked like an Esquimaux mummy. He was wrapped in furs from his his head to his feet, and around his waist was tied a piece of clothesline. This was intended to insure his return. If he stopped too long by the way or fell or became benumbed we could use the rope to pull him in with, otherwise he might freeze to death in a very few minutes before he could reach either the house or the barn, for he couldn't see a foot before his face. After he left we waited with considerable anxiety for him to give three quick jerks to let us know that he had reached the barn. In about fifteen minutes we felt the rope twitch three times, and we knew he had gotten there all right. Then we waited again for him to pull the rope and let us know that he was ready to start back. This trip would be comparatively easy, for all he had to do would be to follow the rope, which we would pull in. In the course of an hour we began to be uneasy. The rope hadn't moved. Finally I offered to go to the barn and see what had become of him. I bundled up and started out. I followed his rope and reached the barn in a very few minutes. The horses were all feeding; the cows were up to their horns in fodder, but Young was nowhere to be found. Not a trace of him was left. The barn door was tightly closed, which showed that he had not stepped outside intending to return in a moment. I shouted until I was hoarse, and finally returned to the house and made my report. Then the hired man and I went back with two lanterns, for it was growing rather dark. We searched the barn as thoroughly as possible, but he was not there. Then we stumbled around the barnyard, keeping hold of one end of the rope, but all to no avail. We were obliged to go back without our host. His wife was inconsolable. She insisted that he must be in the barn, and to please her we made a third trip, but with the same result as before. Two days afterwards the storm lifted and we started out to search for Young. We found him about twenty feet from the barn door frozen stiff. He had a rope around his waist. He had evidently made a mistake in fastening on the rope in his hurry to return and tied on the wrong rope. The one he used was not attached to the house at all, but was lying in the barn beside the one he had just taken off. He had probably tramped around in the snow for an hour trying to reach the barn or the house, but was unable to do either, and finally fell within a few feet of his starting point. That is all the blizzard I ever want."

MOTHER LOVE.

The Policeman Tells His Experience With a Little Waif.

The policeman had been saying something in a general way about foundlings, when he bit off a piece of hard tobacco and went on as follows:

"I had a hard time getting one baby to the Home last summer. The people living in a house over on Adams street found it in a basket on their doorstep one evening, and just as the gentleman started to carry it to the station he came across me on the corner. Then he wanted me to take it, so I wrote down his name and address, and was walking along by the Home, just near Jefferson Park, and thinking of nothing in particular, when I felt a hand on my arm, and looking down whom should I see but a girl with a shawl over her head and her big eyes a-looking at me.

"'Where are you taking the baby?' says she.

"'How do you know it's a baby?' says I.

"I had put on a mighty solemn air, and she began to cry. Just then the baby cried too, and I began to feel as though I'd pay a month's salary to be down on Halsted street breaking heads. The minute the baby cried the girl set up louder than ever, and I says:

"'Whist, now, be off with you. I'm going to the Foundlings' Home.'

"'Well, sir, with that she grabbed the basket off my arm that quick that I couldn't stop her and struck for the park, with me after her. Pretty soon I lost her and then I whistled for help. When another officer came we gave the park a thorough going over, and at last we found her under one of the bridges, holding the baby tight to her breast. Then she cried and begged us to leave her alone. She confessed that she had put the baby on the doorstep; that it was hers and that she had repented of it the moment she saw the little thing taken in.

"We thought at first we would have to call the wagon for her, but after a while my partner says: 'We better let 'em go. It's all square.' 'That's a question for the captain,' says I. So we took her up to the station, and when she had told her story and promised never to abandon the child we let her go.

"She had to walk about a mile and a half to her home, and though I had to travel a good part of the way with her to get on to my beat again, she wouldn't let me carry the baby a rod. She just hugged it close and cried every step of the way."

SENATORIAL ORATORY.

Pen Pictures of a Few of the Men Whose Voices are Often Heard.

Much has been said of the decay of eloquence in the United States Senate since the death of the Whig party and the stirring times immediately preceding the civil war. It is true that there is no individual Senator of to-day who is the peer of Clay, Webster or Sumner, but taken in the aggregate there is quite as much eloquence in the Senate as there has been at any time since the framing of the Constitution.

Among the few who can command general attention is Senator Bayard. Though lacking in lung power and forcible delivery, he has only to address the President and there is at once a general dropping of papers; letters are left unfinished, while the writers wheel around to face the Delaware Senator. As he proceeds his voice rises, though he seldom departs from the conversational tone. His gestures are of the mildest kind, as he evidently relies rather on the strength of his arguments than on the muscular or declamatory mode of convincing. Learned, polished, courteous, conservative, fertile in ideas and with the literary ability to express them in choice language, Mr. Bayard is pre-eminently the gentleman and scholar of the Senate.

It is safe to assert that few persons have attended three consecutive sessions of the senate during this or the last Congress without hearing from Senator Beck, the horny-handed, big-brained member from Kentucky. I have heard it said that by actual count his speeches occupy as much space in the *Record* as those of any other five Senators combined—always excepting Ingalls, who talks for the sake of talking. Mr. Beck is not eloquent, nor is there any considerable number of his listeners who can be said to hang upon his words; still his speeches bear the impress of a hardy intellect and wide reading. When he rises to speak he always has a formidable array of documents in his hand, but as he seldom refers to them it is said that his object is to dishearten the enemy by exhibiting his strong fortifications. His voice is rather monotonous, and his only gesture is a swinging, left-handed one, which is anything but impressive.

Senator Edmunds is confessedly the ablest civil lawyer in the Senate, but I fancy that he would cut a poor figure before a jury. He lacks nearly every attribute of eloquence. His voice is so weak that the reporters can with difficulty catch his words; his delivery resembles that of a schoolboy, and the closest observer can seldom detect a change in his immobile face, no matter what may be the tenor of his remarks. The Vermont Senator's words look well on paper, but coming from his lips have a remarkably soporific influence.

It is generally conceded that the two most eloquent men in the higher branch of Congress are Ingalls and Vest. They are as different in person as in their manners of eloquence. Ingalls, tall, angular, with silvery voice, finely modulated, and a rare command of beautiful language, pleases the ear while he convinces the mind. Vest, short, with rounded shoulders, which are almost deformed, lacks the natural gifts of the Senator from Kansas. His voice is ludicrously thin, his gestures awkward, his person unprepossessing; but his fiery eloquence drowns these defects and carries the mind of listeners along in its torrent. Ingalls is cold, polished, and seems to weigh the effect of each word before uttering it. Vest, hot, impatient and careless of the nice distinction of words, makes language only a vent to his feelings. Ingalls is the Cicero of the Senate, Vest the Demosthenes. Both are men of cultivated intellect, both somewhat of poets, and both at times not at all practical in their ideas of legislation. Senator Hawley is a calm, business-like speaker, seldom grows excited, and shows eminently practical ideas on the subjects he discusses. He is a ready debater and a bitter partisan.

Senators Coke and Morgan, though men of recognized ability, are famous for their skill in emptying the galleries and causing a general stampede even from the floor. Like Edmund Burke, they can make able speeches, but they have not the taste to adapt them to the mental calibre of their hearers.

Senator Frye is the bitterest-looking man in the Senate. But, whatever his faults and prejudices, he is certainly a powerful talker. His mind is as clear as rock crystal, his diction rough but strong and his voice can be heard distinctly in the remotest nooks of the lobby. He generally keeps his left hand in his pocket while speaking and when very excited he has often been seen to cram both hands into the "receptacles of his breeches." Mr. Frye's features wear a continual scowl, which deepens as he grows warmer.

Senator Hoar is a master of good English, though not at all forcible in expressing it. He is a typical New Englander. Mr. Pendleton, Ohio's Democratic Senator, is not much given to talking, but he can be eloquent in his quiet way. His words always excite interest on the Democratic side on account of his long connection and prominence in that party, but the Republicans affect perfect indifference to his opinions. Mr. Pendleton's Republican colleague, Senator Sherman, would make slight impression on a popular audience. In the Senate, however, he has attentive listeners. His successful resumption of specie payments and generally wise administration of the Treasury Department while Secretary makes him somewhat of an oricle on questions of finance.

Of the Senatorial Joneses—two at present and three in prospect—the man from Florida alone raises his voice in the Capitol. His namesake of Nevada is too much engaged in private speculation to give any time to public measures. The Senator from the Land of Flowers affords a laughable contrast between physical proportions and voice. He is fully six feet tall and unqualifiedly obese; yet a more delicate feminine voice than his never proceeded from the mouth of the most ethereal dude. When he takes the floor, he throws back his shoulders, inflates his chest and indulges in a commanding survey of the Chamber. A stranger, expecting a thundering voice to proceed from such an imposing presence, hears only a most attenuated tenor.

Senator Jones is, however, a man of practical ideas, a hard student and is admired for his intellectual attainments as well as his rare modesty.

All that can be truthfully said of the oratorical efforts of Senator Plumb, of Kansas, is that they are invariably directed to the accomplishment of his private ends. He has ability and excels in declamation, but the well-informed always see a job beneath his words when he advocates or opposes a measure.

Senator Lamar is next, to Mr. Bayard, the Solon of the Democratic side. He is consulted by his associates on all important questions, and no other man's opinions have more weight.

Senator Jonas, of Louisiana, is a man of few words but great practical legislative ability. He is a worker rather than a talker, a man who can always be seen in his seat and is more esteemed than many of those who furnish the Senatorial noise.

These are the gentlemen whose voices are oftenest heard in the United States Senate. Among the others there are a few scrupulous workers, a few who have not yet had time to show their abilities and several brainless millionaires.—[*Philadelphia Times.*

The story is published, respecting the origin of balloons, that Madame Montgolfier had washed her petticoat to wear to a great festival on the next day, and hung it over a chafingdish to dry. The hot air, swelling out the folds of the garment, lifted it up and floated it. The lady was astonished, and called her husband's attention to the sight. It did not take Montgolfier long to grasp the idea of the hot-air balloon.

THE VALENTINE.

Eh! give you a lift? Why, surely. Jump in, sir, along o' me.
(Whoa! Dobbin, you critter!) Wal, yes, sir. The walkin's rough, I see.
You're a stranger in these parts, I take it. Goin' to stop a spell?
S'pose you'll put up at the tavern? Oh, yes, they will feed you well.
What's the news of the village? Wal, stranger, I'll own ye hev me thar.
I ain't no hand for a gossip; don't hear any news, I declar'.
An' my old woman, she tells me a man ain't only half wise
Ef he don't keep his ears wide open, and larn how to use his eyes.

Wal, yes, when I was a youngster, I used to be pert an' spry,
An' there ain't a contenteder couple now than my wife an' I;
But we had a sorrer that come to us more'n ten years ago,
An' it sorter shadowed our lives, like a hurt long healin', you know.
Five years would a' been long enough, sir, to leave a pretty deep scar,
But to double that time seems a'most like pushin' a trouble too far;
An' he was our only child, sir, the boy that ran off to sea,
An', though he had been a wild un, we loved him, his mother an' me.

He was just a lad—but eighteen, sir, the month that he ran away,
An' it's hard to say, but there's come not a line from him since that day.
Whether he's drowned, or killed, only God an' the angels may know,
But his mother an' me are a-waitin' some message to tell us so.
It's lonely enough for us both, but I've done my best, sir, to cheer
An' comfort my dear old woman thro' each long waitin' year;
An' to-day, while down to the village, a thought came into my head,
(For to-morrow is Valentine's Day, sir,) an' so to myself I said—

"I'll play that Betsey an' me was 'way back to our courtin' time,
An' I'll buy her a Valentine—somethin' nice, with picter an' rhyme!"
An' so I've got it all safe, sir—the puttiest one I could find,
An' my old woman'll know that I have her allers in mind.
Go home with me, did you say, sir? Wal, I don't know as I mind.
Tho' wife won't be dressed for comp'ny, an' our food ain't the hotel kind;
But if you'll jest take pot-luck, sir, why wife an' me'll be glad,
For the sake of your two blue eyes, like them that our own boy had.

What's that you say? Will I let you give Betsey a Valentine, too?
Why, surely, I won't gainsay it, but Betsey ain't nothin' to you.
An' it's kind of you, stranger—but see, sir, here is my gate—hold on!
Why, what is the feller goin'? This beats creation, I swan!
Say, wife, old woman, come out here? (Why, surely, that's Betsey's scream!)
Whoa! Dobbin, you pesky critter!—law, I must be havin' a dream.
Else why is my woman kissin' the face o' that stranger so,
An'—Oh! praise God for His goodness, I've brought her own son, I know!
—[Mary D. Brine.

"JOSIE! JOSIE!"

The Cry that Went Over the Waves from Squirrel Island.

Squirrel Island is a popular summer resort in Boothbay Harbor, in sight of Seguin Light, at the mouth of the Kennebec, and a two hours' sail from this city by the way of Back River. A few days ago, on one of the coldest mornings of the winter, a fisherman sailing out of Boothbay Harbor saw a man standing on the rocky shore of this island shouting at the top his voice. His cries could be barely heard above the booming of the surf, which beats against the ledge with great fury. The fisherman thought the "King of the Island," as the man in charge of it is called, must be in distress, and signalling for assistance; so he put his smack about and made for the island. When he was within hailing distance he shouted to the man on the rock, but received no reply. He was a handsome young fellow, and stood gazing to sea, paying no attention to the approach of the fisherman's boat, and occasionally uttering a loud cry that seemed full of anguish and amazed the bronzed old salt who heard it. This was the young man's call to the ocean:

"Josie! Josie!"

The old fisherman thought the young man was crazy, and after listening a few minutes made for the Cuckles and was soon hauling hake over the side of the boat.

The secret of the young man's strange communing with the breakers is now known. His is a most pitiful story. He is a graduate of Williams' College, and became a journalist in New York. Subsequently he concluded to be a lawyer, and was admitted as a student in the office of one of the leading legal firms in New York city. He has a fortune, inherited from an uncle, who died worth $2,000,000. He became engaged to a young lady in a city not far from Bath. She was beautiful, a musician and an artist. He and his affianced spent all last summer together at Squirrel Island. In October she was suddenly prostrated, and died after an illness of six days. She died at noon. At ten o'clock of the same day they were married at her earnest request. She said but a few words after the wedding ring was put on her finger, and in two hours the bridegroom was a widower.

Since that day the young man has been fading bodily and mentally. His grief has been something terrible. He went to New York, but had to return, and spent the most of his time at his wife's grave. Finally he chartered a steamer at Bath, took a box of fuel and a supply of provisions and went to Squirrel Island. He remained three days on the island and it was he whom the fisherman saw standing on the rock where the spray splashed over him, and crying "Josie," as if he expected an answering voice to issue from the waves.—*Boston Record.*

Gen. Grant's Promotions.

General Grant entered the service in the late war as colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He was promoted to brigadier general of volunteers on the 27th of August, 1861. He was promoted to major general of volunteers in February, 1862, after the battle of Fort Donelson, and to major general in the regular army after the fall of Vicksburgh, July, 1863. On the 1st of May, 1864, the grade of lieutenant general was revived by Congress, and Grant was appointed to the position. On July 25, 1866, the grade of general of the army was created for him. He resigned the position in March, 1869, to become President.

The grades in the army are in the order indicated—brigadier general, lieutenant general, and general. W. T. Sherman succeeded Grant to the office of lieutenant general when the latter became President. Philip H. Sheridan was made lieutenant general when Sherman became general. By law the office of general expires with Sherman, and the office of lieutenant general expires with Sheridan. The highest office in the army after Sheridan's death or retirement will be that of major general.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

One of the season's sports in Maryland is muskrat hunting, and thousands of the creatures are killed and eaten, the hide being sold to furriers. A colored woman, who is noted for her skill in making muskrat palatable, said she skinned it very carefully, washed it well in fresh water, soaked it for several hours in salt water, and then if the weather was cold enough hung it in the air so that it would freeze. The longer it is allowed to freeze the better it gets. The cold takes away the wild taste. After this she either stews it, or, if she wants it fried, parboils it and fried it afterward. When served hot, after the foregoing treatment, it is a dish not to be despised. The meat resembles the flesh of the guinea, and tastes something like that of the squirrel.

A farmer's wife in Bollinger County, Mo., left the baby in his care while she went to town shopping. The father, being busy plowing, nailed a box to the plow-beam, in which he placed the baby snugly, and thus the industrious and ingenious father proceeded with his work, to the satisfaction and amusement of the little one.

HE INVENTED.

The Wife of a Genius Tells Her Pathetic Tale of Woe.

Imagine what a trial in the family a man must be who every week or two thinks he has invented a new machine of some kind, or some labor-saving instrument by which he declares he is "going to make his fortune." Such a man ought to take a walk through the Patent Office at Washington and see the myriads, acres and tons of models of useless inventions that were, as the authors of them thought, to revolutionize American industry. The Baltimore *American* reports the woes of the wife of such a man, as told by herself, and there is a lesson in the burlesque.

"It is all very well to talk about working for the heathen," said one as the ladies put up their sewing, "but I'd like to have some one tell me what I am to do with my husband?"

"What is the matter with him?" asked a sympathetic old lady.

"William is a good man," continued the first, waving her glasses in an argumentative way, "but he will invent. He goes inventing around from morning till night, and I have no peace or comfort.

"I didn't object when he invented a fire escape, but I did remonstrate when he wanted me to crawl out of the window one night last winter to see how the thing worked.

"Then he originated a lock for the door that wouldn't open from midnight until morning, so as to keep burglars out. The first time he tried it he caught his coat-tail in it, and I had to walk around him with a pan of hot coals all night to keep him from freezing."

"Why didn't he take his coat off?"

"I wanted him too, but he stood around until the thing opened itself, trying to invent some way of unfastening it.

"That's William's trouble. He will invent. A little while ago he got up a cabinet bedstead that would shut up and open without handling. It went by clockwork. William got into it and up it went. Bless your heart, he stayed in there from Saturday afternoon till the next morning, when it flew open and disclosed William with the life almost smothered out of him."

BROTHER GARDNER'S PHILOSOPHY.

Solid Chunks of Wisdom Thrown at the Lime-Kiln Club.

"Doan' look fur infallibility in de human race," said Brother Gardner. "We has all got our off-days an' our weak spots. We size up a man as possessin' honesty, industry, patience, morality an' religun, an' we admire him accordin'ly. Fust we know he slips a cog. He am tempted outer de true path, an' we whoop an' howl ober his downfall as if it war' sunthin' unpercedented. It ain't bekase he was not a fa'rly good man, but mo' bekase we had gi'n him too many vartues. He couldn't hold up under all of 'em.

"I doan' 'speck to find de truth in eberybody. I doan' 'speck to find all men honest. Some men kin shoulder about two of de cardinal vartues an' walk frew life all right, but when you add another you am gwine to break 'em down. We grade our hosses into draft-got, roadsters, fam'ly an' speeders. We doan' 'speck a fam'ly hoss to go out an' trot in 2:30, an' we doan' 'speck our speeders to pull coal carts. When it comes to men we grade 'em all alike. No matter what deir blood, whar' bo'n or how brung up. We 'speck to find 'em all possessed of 'nuff vartues to carry 'em half way to heaben when dey die. It am 'speckin' entirely too much. While we may consider all men fa'rly honest, we mustn't advertise $2 reward for $50 lost yesterday an' 'speck de finder to hire a street kyar in his hurry to restore de lost cash. While we may reasonably expeck all men to speak de truth, we ain't gwine to git rich outer cashin' checks fur strangers nor believin' what we read on de circus posters.—[*Detroit Free Press.*

IT 'SPLODED.

A Twenty-Year-Old Shell that was in Good Order.

In going over the battlefield at Malvern Hill we came across one of the monster shells thrown from gunboats in Turkey Bend. An hour later, in going up the Varnum road we met four colored men driving a mule and cart, and told them of the location of the relic. They hurried off to get it, and went into the cemetery. Just as the party were ready to return to Richmond the mule belonging to the colored gang came clattering past, having the thills dragging behind him. He was pretty closely followed by one of the negroes, who went by us at a 2:40 gait and would not stop to answer questions. In about five minutes a second one came up, hat off and face covered with blood. As he stopped to pant he was asked what had happened.

"Pow-powful times, boss!" he gasped out.

"Aren't you one of the men who went after the shell?"

"Deed I is, an' I'ze one of de men who found it, too!"

"What happened?"

"We dun out to broke him up wid de ax. De mewl has gone by, Julius Henry has gone by, an' heah I is, while de rest ob de crowd am makin' fur de Jeemes riber and pickin' out pieces of iron as dey fly! Dat shell up an' went an 'sploded onto us."—[*Detroit Free Press.*

Belled Rats.

The warehouses of Moore Brothers, grocers, Camden, have been for some weeks past overrun with rats. They became so bold that even when persons were at work in the warehouse they would continue their depredations until chased away by the employes with clubs. Poison in various ways was used, but without avail. Cats failed to scare them off, and a black-and-tan terrier which occupied the premises for several days was only too glad to make his escape. The firm was almost disheartened, when the elder brother, Edward Moore, put into execution a plan which has worked like a charm. He set two traps in the warehouse, temptingly baited with roasted cheese, and was rewarded on Thursday last by their being occupied by two gigantic rats. He then bought two toy bells and fastened them with wire, one around the neck of one of the rats, and the other to the other's tail. The tinkling of the bells attached to the rats, which were then released, had the effect of so scaring the other rats that not one has been seen in the warehouse since.—[*Philadelphia Times.*

A Woman of Business.

A Miss Maud St. Pierre, of Tennessee, owns nearly three hundred thousand acres—about four hundred and seventy square miles—of mountains and valleys and plains, rich in coal and minerals and metals in Tennessee, Alabama and Kentucky, the largest tract being in Tennessee, bordering on the Alabama state line. She works the coal mines herself and in her realms she is called the coal queen. She has built a cabin on one of her mountain spurs, and when at home dwells among the clouds, in the region of perpetual pure air. She rides over her domains on her race mare, Mollie, a sister of Maud S., and is probably the most independent woman in the world. She wants no partner, either in her cabin or in her mines! She did not buy the land all at once, but in sections, of the descendants of old planters, who, having lost their slaves, had become "land poor." Her first acquisition was 22,000 acres, on both of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railroad, forty-nine miles from Chattanooga and 102 miles from Nashville. Her possessions grew by accretion of adjoining tracts. She recently bought Lookout mountain and found a spring in one of its caverns 225 feet above Chattanooga and a little over two miles from town which yields over thirty barrels of pure water per minute. She now offers to build waterworks for Chattanooga which can be done at comparatively little expense, as the power exists in the pressure at the height of the spring.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 20, 1885.

It is said that Gen. Grant was much disturbed lately about some disparaging remarks he had made about General Hancock five years ago, and sent him a message of regret, to which General Hancock returned a kindy answer.

On Monday last the President nominated and the Senate confirmed Joseph S. Miller, of Wheeling, as Commissioner of Internal Revenue. This is one of the most important offices in the gift of the President, and from all that is said about Mr. Miller and his peculiar qualifications for the place, the inference is very plain that in making the appointment Mr. Cleveland committed no mistake.

Mr. Blaine made a formal call on President Cleveland at the White House on last Friday afternoon. The interview lasted about half an hour and on taking his departure Mr. Blaine said: "I sincerely hope, Mr. President, that the country may be prosperous and contented under your administration, and I trust you will find your life in Washington one of personal happiness." Mr. Cleveland thanked Mr. Blaine for his cordial expressions, and assured him that between them personally there could only be kindly feeling. The sharp fight of the campaign evidently left no heartburnings behind with the two men who had the greatest stake in it.

The Democrats of the Delaware Legislature held a caucus on Monday evening, to nominate a successor to Hon. Thomas F. Bayard in the Senate of the United States. Attorney-General Geo. Gray, of Wilmington, was nominated on the second ballot. Mr. Gray is regarded as the ablest Democrat in Delaware next to Mr. Bayard, and in the last two Democratic National Conventions nominated the latter for the Presidency and on each occasion presented Mr. Bayard's claims and qualifications for the honor in a very able and eloquent manner. No State in the Union has uniformly been more ably represented in the Senate than the little State of Delaware.

An Act of Assembly passed in 1883 provides that in counties with a population not exceeding 150,000 the various county officers shall pay the fees of their offices into the County treasury, and shall receive therefrom fixed salaries, which are specified in the act, in lieu of fees. Schuylkill county is one of the counties subject to the provisions of the act, but the officers in that county saw fit to disregard it and treated the law as unconstitutional. The County Auditors sued out a mandamus against the Prothonotary, and the question coming up before Judge Pershing at Pottsville on Monday last, he affirmed the Constitutionality of the Act. The Prothonotary will take an appeal to the Supreme Court.

In the English House of Commons on last Monday morning Mr. Gladstone, in answer to questions regarding the settlement of the boundary line between Russia and Afghanistan, said that an amicable agreement had been arrived at between the Russian and English governments. This announcement removes the threatening aspect of war between John Bull and the Russian Bear, which, if it had ever broken out, would have involved several other European Powers in the conflict, and caused a good many Kings, Potentates and Princes to turn their attention to some other business than what an English poet calls "the right Divine to govern wrong."

Mr. Parnell has issued a manifesto advising the cities and towns of Ireland to observe a respectful neutrality regarding the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales. As a true Irishman knows no "half way house" either in his love for his own country or in his hatred of England, it is not likely that Mr. Parnell's advice will command the same respect and obedience in this instance that has usually been accorded to it on other occasions and in regard to other matters. From an Irishman's standpoint the Prince of Wales represents everything that is associated with centuries of red-handed tyranny, systematic misrule and heartless oppression of that unfortunate, but brave, gallant and generous-hearted people.

In the State Senate on Monday last a resolution was adopted requesting the Governor to designate a day as "Arbor Day," and by proclamation invite school children and others to plant trees on the day thus set forth. For several years "Arbor Day" has been an established institution in many of the Western States and is observed as a tree planting day. When this resolution comes up in the House we suggest to Mr. Horne and Mr. Gates, the two Representatives from this county, the propriety of offering an amendment to it declaring groundhog day a legal holiday. On account of the perfect accuracy of that weather-wise animal's prediction this year, as well as frequently in former years, it deserves Legislative recognition and general public commemoration.

Mr. Gladstone has recommended Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to the Queen as deserving to have conferred upon him some signal mark of royal appreciation for the conspicuous ability he has displayed in the management of her Majesty's affairs in that part of Great Britain. Earl Spencer is the best hated Lord Lieutenant by the mass of the Irish people who has lived in Dublin Castle for many a day, and if Mr. Gladstone, who would do the right thing by Ireland if he was let alone, flatters himself that Irish feeling can be conciliated and won over to the Prince of Wales when he goes to Ireland on the first week in April, by the Prince's mother bestowing an additional title on Earl Spencer, he will discover that he has been the victim of a most wretched delusion.

A session of the Legislature is limited by the act of Assembly of 1874 to 150 days at a per diem salary of $10 to each member. Although the act referred to contemplated a session of only 100 days, it contains a *proviso* which has had the uniform effect of extending the sessions to 150 days, and will always produce the same result until the act is repealed and another substituted in its place. Seventy-five or one-half of 150 days have passed away since the present Legislature met, with very little, if any more progress made in the important work of the session than heretofore, and the newspapers of both parties are indulging in their usual complaints about its criminal waste of time and its shameless neglect to stay at Harrisburg and attend to the business for which it was elected. The curse of this as well as of former Legislatures, is the practice of adjourning from Friday at noon to the following Monday evening, which practically reduces the work of a week to three days and one half, retards business and prolongs the session to its full limit under the act of 1874 accompanied with full pay. If the members when they leave their homes for Harrisburg would do as Grover Cleveland did when he left Albany for Washington, that is to say, if they would refuse free railroad passes and pay their own fare like he did, and when they reached Harrisburg return their their passes to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, there would be no adjournments such as we have been speaking of, nor would the sesssion last 150 days. Another reason why sessions of 150 days are the rule and not the exception, is because the new Constitution most unwisely doubles the number of members in the House and adds 17 more members to the Senate, thus forcing an entirely unnecessary number of members into each house thereby retarding legislation and entailing a frightful loss of time. If the clause in the Constitution increasing the number of members in the two branches could have been voted for separately from the rest of the instrument, it would have been defeated. As the whole or none of it had to be swallowed, the increase clause, of course, was adopted. Is Cambria county and every other county in the State having near her population any better represented at Harrisburg by two members than they would be by one? Not a bit of it, and until the salary act is changed, the increased membership clause swept out of the Constitution and free railroad passes withheld from the members, the Legislatures of the future will do as they have done in the past, and as the present one is certain to do, consume 150 days, waste one-third of the time, pocket their daily pay and mileage, as well as more than one-half of the amount allowed for postage stamps and stationery, and then return to their constituents and ask to be given another chance.

The Republican majority in the New Jersey Legislature is busily engaged in passing bills depriving her Democratic Governor, Leon Abbett, of the power to appoint District Court Judges, the members of the State Board of Education, the Lunatic Asylum managers and some other State officers, and empowering the two houses to elect them. Their complaint is that the Governor appoints none but Democrats to office. When they succeed in accomplishing their purpose every one of the officers named will, of course, be filled by a Republican, and that party through the action of the Legislature will be doing the very thing which they are attempting to prevent Gov. Abbett from doing. While this is the Republican game that is being played in New Jersey and Democrats are being shoved to the wall without mercy, Republican officeholders in this State, as well as in others, are doing their level best to be retained under a Democratic administration. John F. Hartranft, Collector of Customs at Philadelphia, who was only recently appointed, is said to have discharged fifteen of his Republican employes and filled their places with Democrats, and Gen. Huidekoper, who was reappointed with Hartranft, as Postmaster of the same city, is reported as doing the same thing. Huidekoper's dodge to retain his office is peculiarly rich and racy from the fact that he offered a resolution in the Union League last fall for the appointment of a Committee to investigate Grover Cleveland's character. The Collector and the Postmaster belong to that class of officeholders described by Mr. Cleveland in his letter to George Wm. Curtis last December, as "offensive partisans," and when President Cleveland understands their true inwardness, he will dispose of them according to the true spirit and meaning of genuine civil service reform.

Mr. Lamar, the new Secretary of the Interior, on Saturday last directed the Chief clerk and Superintendent of the Interior Department to dispose of at public sale all of the horses, carriages and equipments which are the property of the Department, except those used for trucking purposes, and pay the proceeds of the sale into the Treasury.—Similar orders, it is said, will be issued by the other Cabinet officers, each of whose Departments is well supplied with carriages, horses and drivers used for private purposes by heads of bureaus, Chief Clerks and their families. A large repair shop is necessary, and the horseshoeing and repairs, drivers, hostlers, etc., sum up a bill for the single Department of the Treasury of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a year, not one cent of which ever was authorized by law. In this way the government has been swindled out of hundreds of thousands of dollars, but it will now be stopped. No cabinet officer carried the business of decorating his private office to such an extent as Ben. Brewster, that most wonderful of all Attorney Generals. His successor, Mr. Garland, who is a plain matter of fact man has bundled out of Brewster's office all his Turkish rugs, wax tapers and other decorations, purchased with the public money at fancy prices, and has reduced things to a business footing. All these matters have created some surprise in certain quarters at Washington, but they have afforded conclusive proof of the reforms that were promised under a Democratic President.

Personal Sketches of the New Cabinet.

Thomas F. Bayard, Secretay of State, all know as Senator from Delaware, one of the largest figures in that body, although from the smallest State. He is a native Delawarean, fifty-seven years of age next October 29th. He is a lawyer by profession, though he started out to be a merchant; and he is the fourth member of the family who has sat in Senate of the United States. His ability, rectitude of character, and acquaintance with public affairs are too well known to need further statement on that head. He was a strong competitor of Mr. Cleveland's for the nomination for the Presidency.

Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, is a native New Yorker, born at Albany, and is in his fifty-fourth year. He was a printer's boy in the old *Argus* office, and grew up with that paper, and is one of its principal owners. He is, or recently was, president of the Commercial National Bank at Albany, and a proprietor in a number of public enterprises. He first became prominent in Mr. Tilden's campaign in 1876, and his identification with the promotion of Mr. Cleveland's political fortunes is well known. He belongs to the type of quiet, prudent, but most energetic politicians. He is said to be a man of uncommon intellectual force, with broad grasp of any situation he has to deal with, a good judge of men and the motives that actuate them, and a strong, original thinker.

William C. Endicott, Secretary of War, is an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, born in that State and fifty-seven years of age. He is a Harvard graduate, went to the practice of law, was on the Supreme bench for nine years when ill health caused him to resign. He, like Senator Garland, was an old line Whig, and, like him, was on the Bell-Everett electoral ticket in 1860. In later years he has affiliated with Democrats and was their candidate for Governor of Massachusetts last year. He is a learned lawyer, an able jurist, and a man of high reputation.

William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, is a Massachusetts man by birth, in his forty-fifth year, a graduate of Yale, and a lawyer by profession. He has been actively engaged in politics, aiding very largely in the transfer of the old time power of Tammany to the better organization known as the County Democracy in the city of New York. As a lawyer and corporation attorney he was noted for his energetic action, and the ability and speed with which he disposed of the public business. He has been very successful in his profession. He has been a devoted adherent of Mr. Tilden's, but it is believed that he is rather the choice of Mr. Cleveland than of Mr. Tilden for the Cabinet.

Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, is also taken from the Senate to go into the Cabinet. He will be sixty years of age next September, and is a native of Georgia. He was educated at Emory College, in that State, and removed to Mississippi when he was quite a young man. He has been planter, lawyer, and college professor, as well as Senator. He was a Confederate colonel during the Civil War. As professor his chairs were mathematics, political economy, and social science. He is a fine scholar, a broad and liberal man in politics, and an eloquent orator. He is very sturdy in his political independence, having, when the greenback inflation craze swept over his State, refused to obey the instructions of his Legislature to vote for that heresy. The inflationists then tried to beat him for the Senate, but he beat them. He is very highly esteemed by his brother Senators of all parties.

William F. Vilas, Postmaster General, was born in Vermont, and will be 45 years of age next July. He was taken to Wisconsin when a boy 11 years old, is a graduate of the Wisconsin University, and also a graduate of an Albany law school. He was an officer of a Wisconsin regiment during the war; is in the practice of his profession as a lawyer at Madison, Wisconsin, and is regarded as one of the leaders of the bar of that State. He was commissioned to revise the Wisconsin statutes; is Regent of the State University, and Professor of Law in its Law School.—He came into national prominence last July as presiding officer of the Democratic National Convention that nominated Mr. Cleveland. He is reputed to be a most brilliant public speaker, and has certainly been an able and successful advocate at the bar.

Augustus H. Garland, Attorney General, is the same general type of man as Mr. Bayard, and now represents Arkansas in the Senate. He is a Tennesseean by birth, and will be fifty-three years old next June. His father was a farmer, who educated his son at the colleges of St. Mary's and St. Joseph's in Kentucky. His parents had removed to Arkansas soon after he was born, and in that State Mr. Garland has spent his manhood life, in the practice of the law, except during the recent war, when he was an officer in the Confederate army. He was originally a Whig in politics, and was on the Bell Everett Electoral ticket. He has been Governor of his State, and a remarkably good one. He is an unusually able man, a sound lawyer, and a man of high character. He has been in the United States Senate about seven years.

* * *

Eloquent Words.—In addition to the magnificent oration of the venerable Mr. Winthrop, read at the Washington monument dedication on the 22nd of February, there were other addresses, including one by Mr. John W. Daniels, of Virginia. The following were his concluding words;

> When Marathon had been fought and Greece kept free, each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor, but all agreed that Miltiades was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature, of which time holds record, was thus happily concluded in the muniment of their preservation, whatever else was second, unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand out foremost. In the name of the people of the United States, their President, their Senators and their Representatives and their judges, do crown to-day with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, him whom Virginia gave to America, whom America has given to the world and to the ages, and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness—whom Liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great republic of humanity.
>
> Encompassed by the inviolate seas stands to-day the American republic which he founded—a free Greater Britain—uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city.
>
> Long live the republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions—long may it be the citadel of that liberty which writes beneath the eagle's folded wings—"We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, right and justice."
>
> Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington's example, may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave who knew the rights of man; may they be each a column, and all together, under the constitution, a perpetual temple of peace, unshadowed by a Cæsar's palace, at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of liberty and brotherhood.
>
> Long live our country! Oh, long through the undying ages may it stand, far removed in fact, as in space, from the Old World's feuds and follies—solitary and alone in its grandeur and its glory, itself the immortal monument of Him whom Providence commissioned to teach man the power of truth, and to prove to the nations that their Redeemer liveth.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

London, March 14.—The *Standard* says the agreement between England and Russia leaves the essence of the difficulty untouched. Things must have been bad when such an agreement was paraded as a diplomatic gain. Many consider the pause in the situation as a preclude to a surrender.

The *News* still fears for the result of the negotiations between England and Russia, and is doubtful of a peaceful solution. It says: "It often happens that some fatality occurs to prevent Russia from keeping her promises—what American statesmen used to call "manifest destiny."

The terms of the arrangement with Russia, as they have been explained by Mr. Gladstone, met with nothing but denunciation from the Conservatives. Even among the sturdiest friends the Government has among the Liberals the agreement is not cordially received. The Liberal press in general admit that the arrangement is a virtual surrender to Russia of the frontier demanded. On the other hand, there are numerous evidences that the Government has no idea that peace has been secured.

The preparations for war are many, and on a most extensive scale. An immense military transport fleet is being rapidly collected on the Thames, at Portsmouth and at Plymouth. The size of this fleet far exceeds any possible needs of a Soudan campaign. The Woolwich Arsenal workshops are being hurriedly enlarged by the erection of temporary structures. The workmen in this arsenal are now on double time, engaged in preparing and packng munitions of war.

General Sir Peter Lumsden, the British Commissioner of the Afghan frontier line, has again changed his camp. This time he has fixed it at Zurabut, on the Persian side of the Herri-Rood.—Sir Peter's present position is in the rear of the Russian advanced outposts. As Russia claims that these outposts are inside the boundary line claimed by Russia, Sir Peter's present position has been made the subject of an official representation to the British Government, Baron de Stahl, the Czar's Ambassador to England, has asked the British Government to order Lumsden's camp to be removed within undisputed Afghan territory. This request has been refused, and Sir Peter has been instructed to keep his present position and to maintain from it communication with the Afghans stationed at Robat Pass.

On the recommendation of Earl Dufferin, present Viceroy of India, large grants have been accorded from the India treasury to Abdurrahman, Ameer of Afghanistan, for the purpose of putting into a state of complete repair the forts of his territory, and particularly those of Herat. This work of repair is to be done under the supervision of English engineers, and the additional guns needed by the fortifications in Afghanistan are to be supplied from Woolwich. These and other indications convince observant Englishmen that a struggle between England and Russia has been merely averted temporarily.

* * *

A Pension for School Teachers.—The Legislature at Harrisburg has before it a bill for the pensioning of school teachers who have grown old and worn out in the harness. Concerning the measure the Chicago *News* jocosely says: "There is nothing surprising or objectionable in this. A woman who has escaped the perils of matrimony and survived the effects of schoolroom air for thirty consecutive years is worthy of a pension. The youngsters who blew paper wads at her back hair and set books up edgeways in her chair, while she was wrestling at the blackboard with a nervous headache and one of their unsolved problems, are grown to maturity by the time she comes in line for relief, and can afford to pay the tax or get their husbands to do it for them. The plan is a good one, which might well be adopted in this State.—But the alarming feature of the Pennsylvania bill is the enormous size of the pension proposed. With a recklessness that forebodes disaster to the treasury the bill provides that $8 a month shall be given to each lawful claimant. At the lowest calculation, based on the most reliable actuary reports, not less than six pensioners of this class will be in existence at one and the same time. The remainder of the corps will have died of asphyxia or have been driven into matrimony long before the thirty years have expired. But this is not the only objection to so dangerous a measure. It is not the purpose of our educational system to encourage habits of luxury. Were our public school teachers able to look forward to so ample a provision in old age they would develop tastes for the beautiful quite incompatible with the interest of the service. No unmarried woman of 45 or 50 really needs, or can properly use, $8 a month! We believe in a generous policy toward all classes of worthy benefactors, but we set our face sternly against extravagance.

* * *

Who the Coadjutor Bishop May Be.—The Pittsburgh *Leader*, which has never proven a safe or reliable leader in matters of the kind, says that the news current in Catholic circles is that the Coadjutor Bishop of the Pittsburgh and Allegheny dioceses may be Rev. J. Harmer Denny, S. J. Rev. Father Denny comes from one of the pioneer families of that city. When a student in the Presbyterian Seminary in Allegheny, he was astounded to find that his superiors were teaching from Catholic text books. In the absence of the professor, he secured for a studious moment the possession of St. Alphonsus Liguori's treatment of theology. The study not only convinced but persuaded him. His "chum" was the late Father Morgan. After due consideration both became Catholics. Rev. Father Denny went to Rome, completed his studies under the Propaganda, and was there ordained a priest. He signified his intention of joining the Jesuit Order. To-day he is one of the illustrious teachers for the Jesuits in Maryland. He has the talent, the experience, and even the genius, when Coadjutor to promulgate the faith. The fact that he is a lineal descendent of the family that helped to make Pittsburgh what it is cannot be disputed. And it goes with the saying that the appointment, unexpected as it is supposed to be, shall secure the cooperation of Protestants and make derelict Catholics rejoice. The news that Rev. Father Denny is to be the Coadjutor Bishop has been received by Catholics, and even by many Protestants, with the enthusiasm born of kind wishes and the hand to help the faith.

* * *

The Washington *Critic* remarks: "President Cleveland introduced some innovations at the White House. The Executive Mansion has scarcely ever witnessed so early a breakfast, and the library usually controlled until noon by the sweepers and house cleaners, was the scene of an industrious gathering, composed of the President, his private secretary and stenographer, at an unprecedented early hour. In addition to this, Mr. Cleveland found time to receive everybody who wanted to see him, and to show the public that their wishes were as important as his convenience. As if this were not enough for one day, Mr. Cleveland taught the dignified Marshal that introductions at a public levee are a meaningless and senseless formality, and that he would receive the thousands of callers without presentations. A President who is an early riser and a hard worker, and who regards convenience and common sense as better guides than time-honored custom, etiquette and precedent, is indeed a surprise."

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

Arthur Croyle, a young married man, was shot dead last night by John Harris, a Reading road coal and iron policeman, with whom he had a dispute.

—A shooting match at Fort Worth, Texas, on Sunday last, between Penecose, of San Antonio, and Dr. Carver, for $250, 100 birds, 30 yards rise, resulted: Penecose, 72; Carver, 71. Carver claimed a tie. The decision was withheld.

—A large brick planing mill, two large brick warehouses, brick stable and frame dwelling, the property of Frederick S. Beltz, were burned at Columbia, Pa., early on Sunday morning. Loss, $20,000; insured. Supposed to be incendiary.

—All the engineers on the Brunswick division of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad struck last Friday night. The strikers are members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and they say the cause of the strike is the unjust discharge of three members.

—Mrs. Augusta J. Pratt, of Syracuse, N. Y., widow of the late ex-State Attorney General and Judge Daniel Pratt, has been found to be an undoubted heiress to the Townly-English estate, valued at $100,000,000, which is also claimed by Mrs. S. S. Brown, of Baydad, N. Y.

—Dr. Copeland, Director of Lord Crawford's private observatory at Aberdeen, Scotland, has cabled to the Harvard College Observatory, Boston, the announcement of the discovery by Dr. Gautier, of Geneva, of a suspicious celestial object, which may be the return of Temple's comet of 1867.

—Ambrose Anderson, a desperate character, was shot and killed at Baltimore, Md., on Sunday last by William Wagner, proprietor of a saloon on Baltimore street, just beyond the city limits. Anderson had been ejected from the saloon and attempted to break in the door when Wagner fired through the door.

—An autopsy on the body of C. N. Blake, the San Francisco carpenter who committed suicide at Sacramento in a fit of despondency induced by a belief that he had heart disease, showed that all the organs of his body were in remarkably good condition for a man of his age and that his diseased condition was only a fancy.

—The Transcontinental Railway Association announced on Monday last a special reduced tariff on green fruits from the Pacific coast to Eastern points. The rate per 100 pounds by freight train to St. Louis and New Orleans will be $1.45; to Chicago, $1.50. This reduction will greatly encourage the shipment of fruit East.

—Red Cloud, the Indian Chief from the Pine Ridge Agency, and Todd Randall, an interpeter, are now in Washington. Red Cloud said to a reporter on Sunday last: "I was sent here by a council of my people to tell the Great Father what they want. They asked me to come and I came in a great hurry, because the business is urgent. The letter Agent McGillycuddy about me published in the papers is not true. I speak from my heart."

—On last Friday night as Frank Archer was about leaving Jackson county, West Virginia, to escape the righteous wrath of an injured husband, with whose lively wife Archer had been too intimate, he was overhauled by a band of Red Men and terribly whipped. Hickory withes were used and Archer was bleeding freely when released. He is a person with a bad character generally, and his riddance from that county is a good thing.

—The announcement was made at Reading on Friday afternoon of the collapse of the Henderson Steel Syndicate. This was a pool formed by the leading iron manufacturers of New York and Pennsylvania to experiment with the Henderson process of making steel. It was claimed that it was cheaper than the Bessemer method, and that equally good steel could be manufactured. The pool had raised $100,000 to experiment with and control the new process.

—Mrs. Anna Krepps, proprietress of the Monongahela House at Brownsville, Pa., recently applied for a license to sell liquor. Rev. Mr. Scott, of the Methodist church, opposed the petition, and from his pulpit made remarks derogatory to the Krepps family.—One night last week a brother in law of Mrs. Krepps went to the minister's house, and upon Scott's responding to a knock at the door Krepps rushed upon him and gave him a thrashing with a stout cowhide. Scott, who is 70 years old, was so severely hurt that he is dangerously ill. Krepps has not yet been arrested.

—Grain bags are loaned to vessels bound to European ports at 3½ cents by a company in New York which has a branch office in Philadelphia. If the bags are returned to the port at the expense of the company 4½ cents is charged, the extra rate including the expense of transportation to this country. If the bags are lost 10 cents each is charged against the shipper. But these losses are very small. In this way thousands of bags are collected by the representatives of the company and forwarded back to the United States from all parts of the world. The company which includes several Philadelphians, has a capital of $250,000.

—John Mang, of Massillon, O., has begun suit against the Pennsylvania Railway Company, operating the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. Mang claims that on the third day of this month he boarded a passenger train on the said road, near the outskirts of Massillon, at a crossing. He wished to go East and tendered the conductor the required fare, not having a ticket.—The conductor refused to accept the money, and Mang claims he was ejected from the train while it was running at a rapid rate of speed. He fell to the ground and received serious injuries, for which he wants $10,000 damages.

—In the vicinity of Statt's mills, Jackson county, W. Va., great destitution is said to exist, owing to the long and severe winter. Grain is so scarce that much stock has died of starvation. It is now reported that a league has been formed by the small farmers to compel those fortunate enough to have anything in their barns or granaries to divide with their less fortunate neighbors. Whether this is true or not, the storehouse of Statt's large mill was visited last Friday night by a party as yet unknown, with three wagons, and between 400 and 500 bushels of wheat and nearly as much corn—all there was in the mill—was hauled away.

—Some weeks ago Dr. Ayres, living at Homer, Licking county, O., while walking along the bank of the Licking river picked up a peculiar looking stone which attracted his attention. Upon presenting it to a jeweler in Newark he was informed that it was a diamond of great value. Doctor Ayres at once went to New York and submitted the stone to the inspection of several expert lapidaries, who pronounced it a diamond of the first water, the largest and finest ever discovered in the United States. The stone weighed 42 carats in the rough. Doctor Ayres was offered $6,000 for the jewel, but declined to part with it, believing that after it is polished it will be worth many times that sum.

—In the executive office of the Senate there are preserved all executive messages of president's of the United States from the foundation of the Government. Though not often referred to, some of these documents are becoming worn and recently General McCook, secretary of the Senate, caused selections to be made from the files, with a view to saving some of the interesting autographs in a cabinet by themselves. In some cases the first message of an administration was taken, and where this was of minor importance the conspicuous one—generally that one making nominations for cabinet positions—was taken. They form an interesting collection of historic mementoes and one of the most valuable autograph collections in the land.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular Correspondent.

Washington, March 16, 1885.

The situtation in Washington is interesting, and even surprising. It is plain that in the presidential chair, around it, and behind it, there is a mind and a will. I will not say that certain fiery reformers are not happy in the realization of their impatient hopes. And it must be said that those most in need of reformation have taken new heart and hold; but let all wait with patience and with prayer, and they will, I think, see the glory of the new dispensation revealed, with the exaltation of the right men and principles—with the confusion of thieves and money changers who have so long preyed upon the substance of the country.

There is an old Latin maxim, *festina lente*, hasten slowly, and this seem to be the rule of the new andministration. Reform was very properly begun at the White House. Four clerks swept from office at one sweep of the new broom. Five thousand dollars per year and much desk room saved. The example was taken up in the Treasury Department where Secretary Manning has discharged forty useless employes from one bureau.

Secretary Lamar has first applied his broom to the stables adjoining the Interior Department. For years of Republican ascendency carriages and horses have been kept at extravagant expense in all the departments, and have not been used for the public service, but for the convenience of the families of public officials. The fine equipage that has been used to convey ladies to receptions late at night has been ordered to be sold, and the seven persons who have been carried on the pay roll as drivers will no longer have even the semblance of a right to draw their unearned pay. Of course, this is only a beginning. In all the departments and in all the bureaus and subordinate offices, superfluous clerks are stumbling over one another. Turn the loafers out and then it will be easier to find the rascals. Twenty thousand employees can be discharged with the result of positive improvement and expedition in government work. Get your little pencil and multiply 20,000 by $500 to $1,500, and you will have an idea but not an adequate one, of the amount that will be saved, for you have not taken into consideration the office room, or the furniture of this vast army.

It is not necessary to say that there is much uneasiness and alarm in all the departments. The reduction of the clerical force is an unexpected flank movement and it has set thousands of clerks to quaking in in their luxurious sinecures. "Turn the loafers out," is a new and terrifying sound.

There are many straws indicative of a new era. An order has been issued to all the employes of the Patent Office that there shall be no more reading or talking during office hours, and those classes that are behind with their work must work after office hours until it is brought up to date. The Patent Office has been conducted in a lax and slatternly way. In some classes of invention, as textiles, harvesters, printing, stoves, furnaces, etc., the Patent Office Examiners are from three to twelve months behind with their work, and applicants for patents have frequently to wait six months or a year before their cases are taken up. The recent order indicates that the new administration will introduce a new order of things, not only in the Patent Office, but in other branches of the public service.

The rush of office seekers has abated, and the new administration has had more time to address itself to work. It is a fact much commented on here that very few office seekers have come from the South, and that many have come from the North, and Northwestern Republican States. Since the President has announced that he will not hear applicants for office personally, but will refer all applications to the proper Cabinet officers, he has been but little troubled.

There will doubtless be important changes made, but policy and good business management would require that they should not be made until after the most careful deliberation, and a thorough study of the needs and abuses of the service. Any person acquainted with affairs will know that the work will be all the better done for the caution that precedes its inception. K.

* * *

Forty Heads Chopped Off—The first decided action of Secretary Manning in regard to changes in the force of the treasury department was announced on Friday morning. It consists in a material reduction of the force in the "special agent" division, whereby, it is expected a saving of $40,000 annually will be affected. The services of forty persons in various parts of the country have been dispensed with, and notices to that effect were mailed them to-day. The list includes six special agents, twenty-six special inspectors of customs, and ten employes whose names are borne on the so called "fraud roll." This action reduces the number of agents to twenty-two; of inspectors to twenty-five, and the "fraud roll" employes to fifteen.

It was stated at the department that these changes were made solely in the interest of economy, and no new appointments will be made to fill the vacancies created. Secretary Manning has also decided that hereafter the appropriation for the detection of frauds upon custom revenue shall not be used for the purpose of making permanent appointments, but shall be confined strictly to paying for information received concerning revenue frauds and to enable the department to employ persons in special cases where it is believed that frauds are being perpetrated.

* * *

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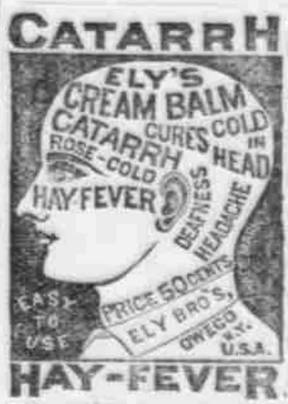

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These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc.

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(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

This process of manufacture was invented by James Boss, who started in business in 1854, and the methods and tools used in making these watch cases are covered by patents. *This is the only watch case made under this process.* For many years the introduction of these goods was slow, owing to popular prejudice against "plated" goods, but gradually the public learned that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* was not a *cheap gold-washed* or *electro-plated* article, but was made of *genuine gold plate* of *standard quality* and *thickness*. Conscientious adherence to the determination to make the *best* watch case ever put on the market, and the adoption of every improvement suggested, has made the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* the STANDARD. In this watch case the parts most subject to wear—the *bow, crown, hinges, thumb-catches*, etc., are made of SOLID GOLD.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be continued.*)

ALL FOR NOTHING.

WHY THE DOCTOR WAS DISGUSTED, AND WHY HE MIGHT HAVE DONE WITHOUT HIM.

"Well, wife," said Dr. E——, as he entered his house, which was situated in a cosy village in central New York, "I have got back from a long and dreary ride away down among the mountains, and all to no purpose whatever. The messenger said the man wouldn't live till morning, when the fact is he had only an ordinary attack of colic. If the simpletons had only had sense enough to put a BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER on his stomach he would have been all right in an hour or two. But some folks are slow to learn," added the old physician, swallowing the cup of steaming tea his wife had just poured for him.

Dr. E—— was right; yet people do learn, even though slowly. The rapidly increasing use of Benson's plaster proves this beyond question, and the good doctors are certain to be saved much of their needless toil. In all diseases capable of being affected by a plaster Benson's acts efficiently and at once. The genuine have the word CAPCINE cut in the centre. Price 25 cents.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

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Cambria Freeman.
EBENSBURG, PA.
FRIDAY, - - MARCH 20, 1885.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—For canned goods go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets never fail.

—For choice groceries go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Altoona appears to be the Paradise for tramps.

—Horseradish is said to be a good thing to use for colds.

—A new post office is wanted in Clearfield township to be called Cleveland.

—Should receive no encouragement—the man who goes around predicting a late spring.

—A business man who wants to take things easy and not be disturbed should not advertise.

—Quite a large crowd of people were in town on Saturday last in attendance at the sale of Mrs. C. Foster.

—The Martinsburg *Herald* is the name of a new paper soon to be published at Martinsburg, Blair county.

—New wall papers just received at Barkers'. New styles and patterns. Call and see them if you need any.

—Mark it down that on St. Patrick's day, 1885, the thermometer registered 10 degrees below zero in Ebensburg.

—Mr. O. M. Curtis, an old and well known citizen of Hollidaysburg, died at that place on Thursday last, aged 78 years.

—The Woodvale Woolen Mill has shut down for a period of ten days to enable the company to make some needed repairs.

—Rev. Father Schell, of St. Mary's German Catholic Church, of Altoona, is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

—Clover and timothy seed, fish in kegs, pails, or by the dozen, as well as all other seasonable goods in great variety at Barkers'.

—Wanted—A girl who can speak German, to do housework in a family that resides in the country near Johnstown. Inquire at this office.

—A free trial of Prof. Harris' Pastille treatment for nervous and physical debility in men can be had of Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

—We believe that you can buy groceries and canned goods cheaper at Barkers' than anywhere else. If you do not think so, try it and be convinced.

—The yearly products of American forests exceeds in value that of all the iron, steel and coal combined. This seems to be not generally known.

—James A. Parrish, of Cresson, has purchased the farm belonging to the estate of Silas Parrish, deceased, and removed thereto on Wednesday last.

—It is reported in Catholic circles that Rev. Father J. Harmar Denny will be the new Coadjutor Bishop of the Pittsburgh and Allegheny dioceses.

—Clipped from *Canada Presbyterian*, under signature of C. Blackett Robinson, proprietor: I was cured of oft recurring billous headaches by Burdock Blood Bitters.

—Michael Woods, at one time a prominent citizen of Johnstown, and a Democratic candidate for sheriff of Cambria county in 1864, died in Allegheny City on Saturday last.

—About this time of the year, when you are moving, you will want new blinds, or wall paper, or perhaps new carpet. V. S. Barker & Bro. have a good assortment of each.

—Mrs. Julia A. McDermott, wife of John McDermott, of Johnstown, and daughter of John Cox, Esq., deceased, died in Jonstown on Sunday last, aged about twenty-seven years.

—On account of the snow storm on Monday last smoked glass was of little service, and persons who were anxious to get a glimpse at the eclipse were denied that opportunity.

—Newton I. Roberts, formerly of this place but now of Johnstown, has been summoned as a juror to attend the United States Court which convenes at Pittsburgh on the 13th of April next.

—Don't forget when you want a new carpet that you will find a larger assortment at Barkers' than anywhere else. New stock just received, and new samples as low as anywhere in the State.

—Rev. Father Walsh, of this place, received a sprig of shamrock from the Sisters of Mercy at Dungaroon, Ireland, on Monday evening last. The note in which it was enclosed was dated 4th inst.

—Miss Ida Kennedy, daughter of John A. Kennedy, Esq., of this place, took her departure on Wednesday last for Mount Hope, Md., where she will enter the convent of the Sisters of Charity, as a novice.

—Mr. Levi B. Cobick, an old resident of Johnstown, and at one time well known here where he was a frequent attendant at Court as a constable, died in Johnstown on Thursday last, aged about 67 years.

—By the bursting of a grindstone in the Gautier Steel Works, in Johnstown, on Saturday last, James Stevens was thrown several feet into the air and rendered insensible by the fall. He was not severely injured, however.

—The correct name of the man who murdered his father-in-law, Farmer Warfield, in Huntingdon, is John Edmiston, not Gardner. He was reared by a man named Gardner, and in that way came to bear his benefactor's name.

—The heirs of Joseph Pfoff, deceased, will sell at public sale at Loretto on Saturday, the 28th inst., a number of lots and out lots in and adjoining that borough. Parties wishing to purchase ground in that vicinity would do well to attend the sale.

William Stanley and Frank Pfoff, of Loretto, started on Wednesday morning for some point in Alabama, where they intend working at their trades for a while until the weather gets too warm for them. Mr. Stanley is a plasterer, and Mr. Pfoff a carpenter.

—Two Italians, named Francesco Capparcelli and Guisseppi Firoli, were struck and instantly killed by Day Express east on Saturday last, while walking on the track near Birmingham, Huntingdon county. Their remains were interred at Tyrone on Sunday.

—The Welsh people of Johnstown will hold an Eistedfodd on the 27th and 28th of the present month. Three large choirs will compete on the anthem, "Calm Be Thy Slumbers." There will also be competitors in recitations, speaking, etc., principally in the English tongue.

—The impression is general all over the country that when spring opens up business will revive. At John Owens' store, on High street, business is always brisk for the reason that he sells dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, provisions and groceries at the lowest possible prices.

—The Bedford county poor house farm produced last year 529 bushels of wheat, 522 bushels of corn, 62 bushels of rye, 1,320 bushels of corn in ears, 320 bushels of potatoes, and yet the steward spent $606.24 for flour and feed, $252.49 for corn, and $120.80 for potatoes.—*Everett Press.*

—Mr. Henry Miller, formerly of Gaysport, Blair county, and who some time ago was reported to have been killed in a railroad accident in West Virginia, surprised and astonished the citizens of that place the other day by appearing in their midst in the best of health and vigor. A tramp who had stolen a bill book containing letters of recommendation, etc., from him, is now supposed to have been the man that was killed at the time that Miller was mourned as dead.

—Cambria county had thirty-eight prisoners in the Western Penitentiary during the year 1884, and was charged by that institution with the sum of $1,127.64 for deficiency in their maintenance. In other words, each falls prisoner short about $30 dollars a year of keeping himself in the Penitentiary.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have commenced building parlor cars at Altoona for their own use, their contract with the Pullman Company having terminated. The first one was completed last week and is said to have cost $17,000, is heated by new and improved methods, and is lighted by electricity.

—While coming up from Cresson on the noon train on Saturday last, Conductor Snyder discovered at Kaylor's station that the flange on one of the wheels of the passenger car was broken, and to avoid an accident he was compelled to leave the car on the siding and bring the passengers up to town on the locomotive.

—Out of 151 applications for license to sell intoxicating liquors in Clearfield county, Judge Krebs has refused 67 and granted 84. The Judge also said: "And we also desire all persons interested to understand that we will not grant license in the future to anyone that keeps his bar open after half past ten o'clock at night."

—The cigar and tobacco dealers of Altoona were notified by Chief Kinch last week, on an order issued by Mayor Mann of that city, that their stores must remain closed on Sunday. Threats are made by the dealers, however, to test the Sunday law in its application to other business. They claim they are unfairly dealt with.

—A freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad near Carpenter's station, Westmoreland county, parted in the middle and the two sections collided, wrecking twelve cars on Monday last. Two tramps who were in one of the empty cars stealing a ride were instantly killed and another one so badly injured that he will die.

—The courts have decided that "no boundary fence can be made of barbed wire without the consent of parties owning the adjacent land, and any man who puts a barbed wire fence along the highway renders himself liable for all injuries resulting to stock passing along said highway." Farmers will do well to make a note of this.

—Mr. Samuel Fearl, of Berlin, Somerset county, has bought the furniture, etc., of the Merchant's hotel in Johnstown from Mr. Charles Kropp, the present proprietor, and will take possession of that old established hotel about the 1st of April. Mr. Fearl is the same gentleman who was here some time ago trying to negotiate for the Cambria House.

—Mr. Samuel Varner, of South Fork, had a narrow escape from what might have been a shocking death, on Monday last. He was walking across a bridge on the railroad near South Fork and stepped from the south to the north track, when he was struck by an engine attached to local freight that he had failed to observe, and had his arm broken between the wrist and the elbow.

—Pneumonia is fearfully prevalent and fatal this winter, and March and April will see no diminution in the frequency of its attacks. When the symptoms are first observed, a mustard and flax meal poultice should be applied all over the chest, the patient should remain quiet and warm in bed, and recovery will be almost an assured fact. At least, so says an expert in the matter.

—Bedford is badly in need of a plumber. A good plumber could make an excellent living here. Will our exchanges please make note of this and help us to get one?—*Bedford Gazette.* Ebensburg might loan the people of Bedford a plumber if they will agree to return him about the 1st of June. Our water mains are all frozen up and we won't need a plumber until the frost goes out.

—Prof. J. S. Brown, who conducted the music during the last County Institute, will hold a musical convention in Ebensburg for two weeks beginning May 4th. Prof. Brown has made the study of vocal music a specialty and is meeting with great success in his profession. The people of Ebensburg and vicinity will have an opportunity to join the class, and receive the benefit of thorough and practical instruction in vocal music.

—Miss Annie Trexler, daughter of Mr. John Trexler, of Dean township, residing on the Dry Gap road running from Chest Springs to Altoona, as a matter of curiosity, kept an account of the sleds passing on that road from the 2nd of February up to the 28th. Six hundred and seventy passed going toward Altoona, and five hundred and ninety-five passed going towards Chest Springs. A large number also passed during the night while Miss Trexler was sleeping, of which there was no account kept.

—The Cambria county soldier who got drunk and disgraced himself and his regiment while in Washington City, during the inauguration, deserved severe and exemplary punishment. But if Col. Hastings stripped him of his uniform and turned him in his shirt and drawers into the streets of Washington, as the papers say he did, he outraged common decency and humanity, and in our opinion disgraced the National Guard of the State.—*Bedford Inquirer.*

—A car load of Indian children passed through this place on Wednesday evening on their way to Martinsburg, under the care of Professor P. H. Bridenbaugh, of the Juniati Collegiate Institute, where they are to be educated. There were forty nine of them, their ages ranging from 8 to 22 years, and they belong to the Oneida reservation, Greensburg, Wis. The Government has agreed to pay $150 per annum per capita, provided the Indian children are secured, transported, and clothed at the expense of the institution.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

—The Somerset-county jail is a disgrace to the county. Badly planned, poorly constructed, illy ventilated and drained, it is wholly and entirely unfit for the purpose for which it is intended. Year in and out the Grand Jury has visited this place and recommended changes and improvements, but here the matter has ended. We understand that the present Board of Commissioners contemplate making some of the much needed improvements, and, with this in view, have gone to Ebensburg to inspect the Cambria county jail. We hope they will do something in the matter, and that quickly.—*Somerset Herald.*

—Alexander B. Wingate, of Tyrone, was killed on the Clearfield branch on Thursday of last week. He was a member of the wrecking crew and had been out helping to clean up a wreck that had occurred near Vail station, and on returning had gone out on the platform of the car on which he was riding to put on the brakes. A section of the train had broken loose and when the first section was stopped the rear section ran into it, smashing the platform on which Mr. Wingate was standing and crushing him between the cars into a shapeless mass. His death was instantaneous. He was about 42 years of age and leaves a wife and two two children to mourn his loss.

—County Superintendent Strayer has engaged Prof. L. S. Shimmell, of Huntingdon, to assist with the Ebensburg Normal School. Prof. Shimmell is a graduate in the scientific course of the Millersville State Normal School, and a teacher of experience and ability. After graduating he was a member of the faculty of the Huntingdon College; for several years the Superintendent of the model school in the Shippensburg State Normal Schools and at present principal of the public schools of Huntingdon, Pa. He has been employed to teach in the Ebensburg Normal School because he is personally known to Superintendent Strayer to be a competent instructor. Prof. Shimmell was a classmate of Prof. J. S. Taylor, who assisted in conducting the Ebensburg Normal during the term of 1882.

—McDonald at Loretto sells 16 pounds yellow sugar for $1; 12 pounds white sugar, $1; 8 pounds green or roasted coffee, $1; 6 pounds best green or roasted coffee, $1; 4 boxes essence coffee, 10 cents; 4 papers baking soda, 10c; 3 pounds rice, 25c; 4 pounds barley, 25c; 5 pounds oatmeal, 25c; 6 pounds hominy, 25c; 3 cans tomatoes, 25c; 3 cans corn, 25c; 2 brooms, 25c; 2 gallons carbon oil, 25c; good molasses, 35c per gallon; best syrup, 50c per gallon; herring, $1.75 per ¼ barrel; mackerel, $2 50 to $3 50 per ¼ barrel; dress goods, notions, boots, shoes, hats, caps, and all other goods at equally low prices to close out our present large stock.

—The Supreme Court has decided that the letting of a house by parole for a certain sum per month, is not a lease from year to year. And when a tenant from month to month holds over for more than a year, he does not become a tenant from year to year, but remains a tenant from month to month. The tenant in such cases is not liable for a whole year's rent, and is not entitled to three months notice to quit. Only in cases where a written lease provides otherwise is this decision inapplicable. A man may lease a house for more than a month or a year when the terms of the written agreement hold good. These facts are important as the first of April approaches. It only requires a month's notice to oust a tenant where there is no lease.

—Editor Swank of the Johnstown *Tribune* in February last, published a marriage notice which afterwards proved to be bogus and caused the parties named in the notice and their friends considerable annoyance.—Mr. Swank was determined to find out the parties to the fraud and his efforts have at last been rewarded. The parties, William H. Custer and Ephraim L. Varner, two young men of Jackson township, were arrested on Saturday last and brought before 'Squire Fisher of Johnstown, when Mr. Swank in consideration of their youth allowed them to go, after signing a paper acknowledging that they were the guilty parties and paying the costs. It may prove a useful lesson to these young men and to others who may be inclined to furnish untruthful statements for the purpose of injuring or ridiculing their neighbors.

SCHOOL REPORT.

The following is the report of the Ebensburg schools for the month ending March 13.

TEACHERS.	Room	Enrolled.			average attendance.			Visits
		Boys	Girls	Total	Boys	Girls	Total	
Mary E. Davis	1	28	29	57	24	22	46	2
Mrs. C. Lewis	2	34	19	53	31	14	45	1
Allie Lloyd	3	27	28	55	24	21	45	5
Gussie Davis	4	23	19	42	21	16	37	3
J. W. Leech	5	23	13	36	20	12	30	3
Totals	5	135	108	243	120	83	203	14

The following pupils were perfect in attendance during the month:

School No. 1—Charlie Hasson, Peter Ludwig, Walter McCaslin, Albert Mack, Joseph Burkey, Harry Connell, Charlie Sechler, Almira Gillen, Clinton Ritter, Morgan Evans, Lewis Evans, Irvin Gant, Blanche Folsom, Ollie Connell.

Room No. 2—Harry Shinefelt, Matthew Heitchue, Bennie Oatman, Charles Weakland, Milton Luther, Urban Luther, Johnnie Thomas, George Thomas, Joe Henderson, Willie Kennedy, Fred. Jones, Emma Morrow, Minnie Kirschner.

Room No. 3—Lennie Jones, Eddie Luther, Reichert Garman, George Stough, Joseph Blair, Orton Davis, Norris Mason, Ray Jones, Emmet Davis, John McBreen, Delia Folsom, Katy McBreen, Sadie Chute, Alice Davis, Annie Maloney, Maggie McCabe.

Room No. 4—Caddie Kerr, Birdie Shenkle, Eddie Linton, Sherman Mason, Olin Barker, Herschell Davis.

Room No. 5—Robert Scanlan, Lester Larimer, Herman Jones, John Scanlan, Milton Connell, Frank Connell, Frank Kennedy, Ellsworth Evans, Criss Shannon, Mollie Evans, Izora Davis, Maud Luther, Irene Evans, Mary Shoemaker.

* * *

LIST OF LICENSES GRANTED AND REFUSED —On Monday last Court met for the purpose of acting on the license applications. President Judge Johnston and Associate Judge Masters were present on the bench, Associate Judge Flanagan being unable to attend on account of ill health.

The following applications were refused: Job Morgan, Second ward, Johnstown, quart license; John Gearhart, Second ward, Conemaugh borough, tavern license; Martin Logan, First ward, Cambria borough, eating house license.

The following applications were held over for further consideration: Griffith Bonner, Gallitzin borough, tavern license; Joseph Dashner, Gallitzin borough, eating house license; Daniel McKenna, Tunnelhill borough, tavern license; Philip P. Miller, Susquehanna township, eating house license.

The application of Elizabeth Burke, of Second ward, Conemaugh borough, for eating house license, was granted on condition that the house occupied by her was not the Beuler House. The balance of the applications, numbering 184, were granted as applied for.

* * *

WITH all her other troubles—in Egypt, and Ireland, and Asia—old England has also been passing through a serious agricultural crisis, in which the ancient proverbial expression, "as good as wheat," lost its force, for the price of that commodity touched the lowest point it has reached in the life of this generation. What brought on the crisis, what were its effects, and what remedies have been proposed, are questions that concern the American almost as much as the Englishman, whether he be a producer or consumer of wheat; and they are very ably and clearly discussed in an article by Wm. E. Bear, editor of the Bark Lane Express, in the North American Review for April. In the same number Charles Dudley Warner presents an interesting "Study of Prison Management," while Robert Buchanan, the English poet, discusses "Free Thought in America," T. V. Powderly "The Army of the Discontented," and Prof. Hunt, "How to Reform English Spelling." The other articles are, "The Law's delay," by Chief Justice Thomas F. Hargis, and "Characteristics of Persian Poetry," by A. R. Spofford. But what will probably attract the most immediate attention is the new department of "Comments," consisting of brief criticisms of articles that have appeared in the *Review.* Murat Halstead's political article in the March number is discussed by three writers —a Democrat, a straight Republican, and an Independent Republican. Richard H. Stoddard comments with a good deal of feeling on Max Muller's "Buddhist Charity," and other correspondents take this pleasant opportunity to offer a single thought where an extended article would, perhaps, find neither room nor readers.

* * *

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE for April is as good as usual. It leads off with an illustrated article on India, an important production at the present time, when Russia and England are glaring at each other in Afghanistan.—Then comes "Lewey and I; or Sailor Boys' Wanderings," by Wm. H. Thomes, author of "The Belle of Australia," and "On Land and Sea," two well known books of travel and adventure, and which has a large sale. In this part of the story the American and French boys start out on an overland journey from San Diego to Los Angelos, California, and meet with many strange adventures on the way, from an enraged bull to a fierce mountain lion; and at a lonely ranche a beautiful little girl—a regular prairie flower—to whom Lewey makes love in his usual impetuous manner, and gets rebuked for his boldness. The story is growing in interest, and promises to be the author's best. Remember this narrative is of California life during the early days of the Mexican War, and is historically correct in all its dates and incidents so must prove of interest to thousands of people, besides the boys and girls of the country. Ballou's is the only $1.50 per year, or 15 cents single number, and is the best magazine in the country at the price. Address, Thomes & Talbot, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

COMMUNICATED.

CARROLLTOWN, Cambria Co., March 15, 1885.

EDITOR FREEMAN: As I sat by the window on Sunday last and watched the hundreds of people of this community passing and repassing to and from church, in sleighs, sleds, jumpers and rigs of every description, and dressed in various costumes, seemingly adapted to comfort rather than show, I was impressed with their earnestness and especially with their punctuality in regard to their religion, and I concluded that if ever a congregation of church going people, worshiped God from a sense of love and duty, earnestly, faithfully and sincerely—the people of the congregation of the Catholic Church at Carrolltown certainly do. Immediately before church time, the one main street is jammed with teams, sleds, sleighs, etc., and horses are hitched to every available hitching post, and at sound of the bell there is a quiet, unobtrusive, well-ordered rush for the church door, and in a very short time the large and commodious building is filled to its utmost seating capacity, when Mass is said by Father Edwin or Father Prior and a short but pointed sermon preached. The services being over, all seem anxious to get home, and in an incredibly short time the town has resumed its former Sunday quiet, which remains undisturbed, except by the evening services, until the opening up of the usual weekday business on Monday morning.

The somewhat extensively circulated reports of after-church beer-drinking and general rowdyism here on Sunday, are fabulous, and without a shadow of truth, as our town is as quiet and orderly during the Sabbath day and evening as your more modest and pretentious town of Ebensburg, or any town in the county.

Perhaps much of the harmony and good feeling existing here, and the earnest and devoted manner of the worshipers, with the absence of that not uncommon manner of church-going people that indicates so plainly that "I am a little better than my neighbor," is due to the fact of there being but one church, one religion, and one people in the community; and when compared with Ebensburg and other adjoining towns of mixed religion and numerous churches; where, on Sunday, the people are going in opposite directions, this way and that, each to his or her house of God, we cannot help but feel that it is more conducive to harmony, to a kind and generous feeling of Christianity, to a more devoted and earnest worship and a closer fellowship with each other and with God, to have but one church—one grand centre, where the minds and the prayers of the people may be concentrated in doing honor and homage to the "one only living and true God." After having been a resident of the town for nearly two months, I am much pleased with the unassumed, kind, and friendly disposition of the people.

J. O. C.

Odds and Ends from Chest Springs.

"What though, like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
By either house or hall?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year.

On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't
And sing't when we hae done."

—*Burns.*

Stern old winter is leading gushing spring unto the stage of the seasons; the patriarch may shed a few tears at the parting scene.

A little frost and snow are factors in the enterprise and prosperity of the Temperate Zone,—more frost would freeze up Energy—eternal summer would slacken his nerves: Opulence and poverty present a parallel condition.

The small boy rejoices on the hillside, and knocks the legs from under his fellow as he rushes on his sled into the vale beneath.

He whoops on the frosty air, and ducks his head when his mother calls—yet his pants will tighten on the place where they ought to tighten.

The "blackening train" of crows now take their flight at evening to the neighboring woods; the jay has also put in appearance.

Chest Springs has a lock-up, which was recently animated by a sensible presence. They fed him on the best,—beef, pork, fish, pies and cakes, with steaming coffe. A man was in attendance to see to his wants. What a contrast between the old times and the new!

There are four candidates for the office of Postmaster here—A sort of literary scramble. There must be sugar on postage stamps.

It is amusing to see the jealousy developed among hens. The other morning a boy brought us a fresh hen, to which the "cock o' the walk" paid immediate courtesy. A "lady in black" standing near, rushed upon her rival with great fury, giving his feathery lordship as much as he could do to part the combatants.

Memory in hens is also remarkable. A hen had been absent from a certain roosting place for four months, but at night she resumed her accustomed place as if she had been there the night before.

Col. Ingersoll says that Mohammed was a greater man than the Founder of Christianity. That is because Mohammed was nearest in the angle of moral vision. Ingersoll forgot that one of the twelve apostles foretold the rise and progress of Mohammedanism.—Revelation, Chap. ix.

One of Dr. Miller's ponies, which he left in charge of Mr. Geo. Reininger here, died the other night of "heart disease," so they say. At any rate, the animal's heart was larger than that which commonly pertains to the equine species.

Some of the small shops in Chest Springs are dying out, while others are growing in importance. The extinct species, following the law of evolution, develop into a higher sphere. If the prices evolve in an inverse ratio, so much less is the fact to be regretted.

The Second Adventists are like a caravan journeying through the Desert of Sahara. They see a mirage, born of heated vapors, green fields and cool rivers right at hand. They come to the place, but lo! disappointment and dispair; when all the while the mirage was but the true image of a far-distant landscape, lifted to their vision by the intervening atmosphere.

A. D. H.

Chest Springs, March 16, 1885.

The Dream of Youth.

The dreams we so fondly loved in early life may just as quickly pass away and leave nothing but a seared and desolate path behind. The proud hopes which spring unbidden in the human heart, may die and fall as fell the plague of sinful man. The monuments of beauty and art which have been reared by man's creative genius may crumble and turn dust, but yet PERUNA, the great remedy, will still be acknowledged to be the greatest of all medicines, and will still receive the praise which so rightly belongs to it. Thousands have received benefits from it, and have shown their appreciation of it by their testimonials to that effect. Ask your druggist for this great remedy, and for the prmphlet called the "Ills of Life," or address Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and they will send you one free.

Carpet Weaving.

The undersigned, residing one half mile east of St. Lawrence, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to weave carpet on short notice and at reasonable prices.—All work turned out will be first-class.

March 13,'85.-c. JOSEPH WARNER.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and even Asthma *immediately* relieved by Acker's English Remedy. Sold under guarantee by E. James.

JURY LIST.

Following is the list of Grand and Traverse Jurors drawn to serve at the ensuing term of Court, beginning on Monday, June 1, 1885:

GRAND JURORS.

Ager Joseph, baker, Johnstown, 4th ward.
Berkey George, shoemaker, Johnstown, 6th ward.
Burns Pat, dispatcher, Gallitzin.
Chandler Isaac, clerk, Johnstown, 2d ward.
Davis Thomas D., grocer, Johnstown, 1st ward.
Dodson William, farmer, Allegheny township.
Fockler Jacob, merchant, Johnstown, 3d ward.
Foster Henry, farmer, White township.
Gore Thomas, contractor, Johnstown, 3d ward.
Kauffman Jonas, grocer, East Conemaugh.
Kennedy John A., clerk, Ebensburg, West ward.
Kersh John, farmer, Barr township.
Leibfreid Charles, laborer, Conemaugh bor., 2d W.
Lovergood P. H., weighmaster, Johnstown, 4th W.
McCanee J. P., farmer, Chest tp.
Meyers Thomas, farmer, Gallitzin tp.
Nagle John, farmer, Clearfield tp.
Sease Emanuel, clerk, Johnstown, 7th ward.
Stibich Joseph, merchant, Cambria bor., 2d W.
Trexler David, miller, Gallitzin tp.
Trotter Robert A., farmer, Adams tp.
Wadsworth Geo., laborer, Cambria bor., 2d W.
Walter A. W., clerk, Johnstown, 1st ward.
Watts Samuel, foreman, Gallitzin borough.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Black Henry, foreman, Cambria bor., 2d ward.
Blough E. J., saddler, Richland tp.
Blough Noah, farmer, Richland tp.
Boylan Peter, miner, Cambria bor., 2d ward.
Brawley Thomas J., farmer, Portage tp.
Burkhart Joseph, farmer, East Taylor tp.
Cope Ablum, foreman, Conemaugh bor., 2d ward.
Daily James W., farmer, Allegheny tp.
Davis Thomas, merchant, Ebensburg, West ward.
De France H. T., druggist, Johnstown, 4th ward.
Elrick Charles, agent, Franklin bor.
Ellsworth Charles B., saddler, Johnstown, 6th W.
Ferguson Robert, farmer, Blacklick tp.
Gearhardt Conrad, mason, Johnstown, 7th ward.
Griffith Isaac, merchant, Johnstown, 4th ward.
Hart John E., gentleman, Croyle tp.
Harkey Michael, farmer, Clearfield tp.
Harchberger George, butcher, Franklin bor.
Harshberger George M., clerk, Johnstown, 4th W.
Jones Thomas L., laborer, Ebensburg, E. W.
Kinney John J., merchant, Tunnelhill.
Luke Daniel, boss, Croyle tp.
Linton Reuben A., student, Johnstown, 1st W.
Kearney John, farmer, Munster tp.
Little Dan. C., carpenter, Chest Springs.
Ludwig Henry, clerk, Johnstown, 4th ward.
McBride Michael, innkeeper, Millville, 3d ward.
Moran Patrick, blacksmith, Loretto bor.
O'Neil Thomas, wire-drawer, Johnstown, 5th W.
Phenecie Stephen, shoemaker, Richland tp.
Pringle G. D., carpenter, Wilmore.
Rager John J., farmer, Jackson township.
Ream John, farmer, Summerhill township.
Reighart John, farmer, East Taylor township.
Risban Thomas, miner, Johnstown, 1st Wd.
Ryan John, merchant, Johnstown, 2nd Wd.
Seigh Treodore, carpenter, Johnstown, 5th W.
Shinefelt Chrst D., laborer, Ebensburg, W. W.
Singer James M., farmer, Jackson township.
Smith Henry, gentleman, Conemaugh bor., 1st W.
Smith Wm., carpenter, Conemaugh bor., 1st W.
Snyder George, farmer, Carroll township.
Stewart John, undertaker, Washington tp.
Taney John M., clerk, Johnstown, 1st W.
Weaver Herbert, clerk, Johnstown, 2nd W.
Wharton Charles, shomaker, Chest Springs.
Wharton James, farmer, Clearfield township.
Wissinger Levi, carpenter, Stonycreek township.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Baumer Lewis, merchant, Conemaugh bor., 1st W.
Baumer Herman, merchant, Johnstown, 5th W.
Brady John, merchant, Johnstown, 3d W.
Brookbank David, innkeeper, Reade township.
Carroll John J., mill hand, Johnstown, 1st W.
Connery Ed., laborer, Conemaugh bor., 2d W.
Coover Daniel, carpenter, Johnstown, 3d W.
Costlow David, innkeeper, Conemaugh bor., 2d W.
Daily F. J., clerk, Millville borough, 1st W.
Dimond Patrick, laborer, Prospect.
Eash William, carpenter, Stonycreek township.
Empfield W. W., farmer, Blacklick township.
Evans David E., farmer, Cambria township.
Foust Daniel, laborer, Stonycreek township.
Gillinger John, laborer, Woodvale.
Hildebrand William, farmer, Dean township.
Hornick John A., farmer, Richland township.
Horce David, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Hunt F. L., blacksmith, Upper Yoder township.
Jones Owen, farmer, Summerhill township.
Keating John, laborer, East Taylor township.
Koontz Samuel, laborer, Johnstown, 6th W.
Kirkpatrick James, farmer, Elder township.
Kuntzman Lawrence, farmer, Allegheny tp.
Lenhart Samuel, saddler, Johnstown, 3d W.
Luther William A., farmer, Carroll township.
McNelus Edwin, laborer, Millville bor., 1st W.
McNulty John, sawyer, Susquehanna tp.
Miller David P., farmer, Croyle township.
Morgan Wm. J., laborer, Conemaugh bor., 2d W.
Murphy John D., laborer, Johnstown, 2d W.
O'Connor James, Jr., farmer, Upper Yoder tp.
Osborne George E., butcher, Johnstown, 1st W.
Rager William, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Ripple Levi, clerk, Johnstown, 6th W.
Ryan James, farmer, Clearfield township.
Seigh Daniel, Jr., boilermaker, Johnstown, 5th W.
Selvidge Charles, butcher, Gallitzin borough.
Spires Wesley, boss, Gallitzin borough.
Stevens D. W., laborer, Conemaugh boro., 1st W.
Stough John L., painter, Ebensburg, W. W.
Strittmatter Peter, farmer, Carroll township.
Stutzman A. B., merchant, Johnstown, 5th W.
Thomas Valentine, blacksmith, Carrolltown bor.
Wagner Robert, carpenter, Stonycreek township.
Weaver Emanuel, farmer, Richland tp.
Wentrode C., merchant, Wilmore.
Young Emanuel, butcher, Johnstown, 5th ward.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Trade Mark
QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY.
On Every Bottle.
—THE BEST TONIC.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Blacklick township, for the year ending March 9, 1885:

A. W. ROWLAND, Supervisor.

	DR.
To amount of road duplicate	$ 203 98
To amount cash	100 06
To amount received of County Com'rs	93 36
Total	397 40
Contra Cr.—	
To amount of work done by taxables	194 51
By cash paid and orders redeemed	144 94
Duplicate affidavit and exonerations	80
Percentage for collecting cash duplicates	5 00
Services as supervisor	41 25
Error and to be worked	10 90
Total	397 4

R. E. THOMAS, Supervisor.

	DR.
To amount of road duplicate	$ 242 49
To amount of cash duplicate	118 19
Total	360 68
Contra Cr.—	
To amount of work on roads	$ 234 75
Amount of exonerations	8 54
Services as supervisor	39 38
Orders redeemed and expenses paid	78 01
Total	360 68

We, the auditors, do find the above correct.

J. B. HITE,
JAS. M. ROSS, } Auditors.
W. S. REED,

ATTEST: G. A. MICHAEL, Clerk.
March 13, 1885.-c.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers at private sale, his farm in Cambria township, one and one-half miles from Ebensburg, containing **240 Acres,** in a good state of cultivation, with good frame house and frame barn, an excellent orchard, plenty of water and about one million feet of lumber on the premises. To parties wishing to purchase a smaller piece of land, he will divide it to suit purchasers. Terms reasonable. Call on the subscriber residing on the premises. MARTIN SANDERS.
Cambria twp., Jan. 9, 1885.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of PETER MULVEHILL, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Peter Mulvehill, late of Wilmore borough, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

PETER M. KINNEY, } Executors.
JOHN BURNS,
Wilmore, Pa., Feb. 27.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of ANDREW BURGOON, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Mr. Andrew Burgoon, deceased, late of White township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same, must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN H. DOUGLASS, Administrator.
White twp., Feb. 13, '85.-6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN A. SCHENK, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of John A. Schenk, deceased, late of Allegheny township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same, must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ELLEN E. SCHENK, Administratrix.
Allegheny township, March 13, 1885.-6t.

NOTICE.—To whom it may concern. Notice is hereby given that I have purchased the storeroom and goods therein of James McNelis in the town of Delaney, Cambria county, Pa., and the business will be conducted by James McNelis as my agent.

ANTHONY McNELIS.
Delaney, February 21, 1885.

OBITUARY.

LEIBER.—Died, at the almshouse on Friday, March 13, 1885, Mrs. Catharine Leiber, aged 84 years.

The deceased along with her husband was admitted to the almshouse from Johnstown about a year ago. They were both Germans, were old, and had no friends or means to support them.—The husband died in November last.

HARE.—Died, at his residence in Summerhill, on Sunday, March 15th, 1885, Mr. John E. Hare, aged about sixty four years.

HALL.—Died, at the residence of his parents in Allegheny township, on Feb. 24th, 1885, Frankie, youngest son of Peter and Angeline Hall, aged 1 year, 3 months and 19 days.

There's a little due home to his home up in Heaven,
A baby that never knew sin.
He has gained without toiling the treasure that we
By the hardest of struggles must win.

And, beholding him there with the vision of faith,
You must weary and falter no more;
In the Lord you have loved and have cherished him here,
And the Lord will your darling restore

And, though sightless for years, yet we feel in our hearts,
The assurance, so blest and so dear,
That the father will know when they meet in the skies,
The lov'd child he has never seen here. D.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Clearfield township, for the year 1884.

Hiram McGuire in account with Clearfield township road district.

	CR.
By am't of work done by taxables	$ 458 67
" land returned	75
" exonerations of work dup	7 31
Personal services 72 days, $1.50 per day	108 00
	574 73
	523 82
	50 91
Cash paid order No 1, T. T. Byrne	61 56
" " 2, George Cassidy	60 80
" " 4, J. H. Douglass	75
" " 4, '82, T. S. Williams	5 00
" " 6, W. Ivory	3 00
" " 7, John Durbin	2 25
" " 8, E. K. Dunegan	14 00
" " 9, T. S. Williams	10 00
	157 41
Cash paid for tools and repairs	1 95
Cash for work done on road	3 55
Exonerations on cash duplicate	4 30
Five per cent. for collecting $166.81	8 34
By balance on work duplicate	50 91
	226 06
By cash paid to George Cassidy in full	13 99

	DR.
To amount of work duplicate	$ 473 82
To order to County Treasurer	50 00
	523 82
To amount of cash duplicate	$ 240 05
To amount due township	13 99
	226 06

Michael Harkey in account with Clearfield township road district.

	CR.
By amount of work done by taxables	$ 371 02
Credit by lands returned on work dup	13 26
" abatement on J. Nagle's w'k tax	2 14
Exonerations on work duplicate	9 48
For making out duplicate one day	1 50
Personal services, 74 days @ $1.50 per day	111 00
By team 4 days @ $3.00 per day	12 00
By am't of Jos. Adams' tax to McGuire	1 38
Credit for one day attending settlement	1 50
By cash paid order No. 1, T. T. Byrne	60 85
" " 3, E. Wilt	7 40
Cash paid order 1, '83, Mrs. Rose Collins	45 36
" No. 5, Lucas Moyer	3 75
" for plank	32 31
" for nails	50
" for bolts	25
" for repairs to plow	75
" for work done on road	4 00
" R. W. Delozier	40
Lands returned to Comm'rs on cash dup	6 62
Exonerations on cash duplicate	4 00
Abatement on John Nagle's cash tax	1 10
Cash paid Martin Carle for lumber	3 78
" Andrew Carle for plank	5 48
" Thomas Nagle for work	1 00
" James Cawley	1 46
" John Conrad	1 88
Credit ½ day attending settlement	75
Cash paid to order No. 1, Lucas Moyer	2 25
" " 2, John Burton	2 25
" " 3, Pat Donahoe	2 50
" " 4, C. L. Miller	2 50
" " 6, John Bender	50
" " 5, Hiram McGuire	3 00
Five per cent. on collecting $205 66	10 28
	730 84

	DR.
To amount of work duplicate	$ 404 64
Cash from County Treasurer	150 43
Amount of cash duplicate	203 75
Cash received from taxables on work dup	6 28
Entered by mistake on exonerated " "	1 50
	766 60
	730 84
Balance due township	35 76

We, the Auditors of Clearfield township, have examined the above accounts and found them correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

LUCAS MOYER,
PAT. DONAHOE, } Auditors.
JOHN DURBIN,

ATTEST: C. L. MILLER, Township Clerk.
March 20, 1885.-c.

FINAL STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Dean township, for the year ending March 9, 1885.

JOHN I. TREXLER, Supervisor.

	DR.
To amount of duplicate	$ 160 87
Amount of cash received from former Sup	27 69
Amount of cash received from county	55 00
Total	243 56
CONTRA.	CR.
By amount returned to Commissioners	$ 55 66
Amount of work done by taxable	61 36
Amount of exonerations	37
Amount of orders redeemed and debts set	64 27
Amount of personal services, etc	37 37
	219 03
To balance	24 53

JOHN SHEETS, Supervisor.

	DR.
To amount of duplicate	$ 159 08
Amount of cash received from county	249 47
Amount of cash received from former Sup	25 99
Total	434 54
CONTRA.	CR.
By work done by taxables	$ 108 26
Orders redeemed	29 75
One scoop	9 00
Exonerations	30
Cash for work on roads	5 75
Credit on duplicate	7 99
Personal services	161 05
	62 50
	223 55
To balance	210 99

LIABILITIES OF TOWNSHIP.

Outstanding orders		$ 22 00
Due fr'm D. A. Ressler former Sup	$ 3 25	
Due from Sup or cash on hands	235 52	
Total	238 77	
Assets in excess of liabilities		213 52

We, the undersigned Auditors of Dean township, respectfully report that we have carefully examined the accounts and vouchers of John I. Trexler and John Sheets, Supervisors of said township, and find them to be correct as above stated.

DENNIS CAWLEY, } Auditors.
JOHN H. McCARTY,
ATTEST: W. G. CRISE, Clerk.
Dean township, March 17, 1885.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court, to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the third and partial account of James M. Thompson and George M. Reade, Administrators of John Thompson, deceased, and report distribution of the funds in their hands to and amongst the parties legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on Monday, April 27, 1885, at two o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

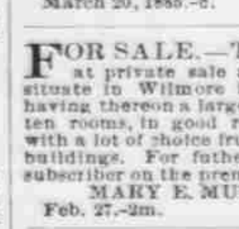
ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, March 17, 1885.-c.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of Lawrence Murphy, Executor of John McGaughey, late of Munster township, deceased. And now, March 9, 1885, on motion of A. V. Barker, Esq., T. W. Dick appointed Auditor to report distribution of the fund in hands of accountant.

In pursuance of above appointment I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, Pa., on Friday, April 10, 1885, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when and where all parties interested may appear or be debarred from coming in on said fund. T. W. DICK, Auditor.
March 20, 1885.-c.

FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell at private sale about 3½ Acres of ground, situate in Wilmore borough, Cambria county, having thereon a large FRAME HOUSE, containing ten rooms, in good repair, suitable for a hotel, with a lot of choice fruit trees and necessary outbuildings. For futher information call on the subscriber on the premises. Terms reasonable.

MARY E. MULVEHILL, Wilmore, Pa.
Feb. 27.-2m.



FOR SALE!

Clydesdale Stallions and Galloway Bulls. The best in America. All from renowned Sires in Scotland. All registered and pedigrees furnished. Prices Low and Terms Easy. Address,

McKAY BROS., Brookside Farm, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons who are indebted to me, that they will save costs by paying me on or before April 1, 1885.

J. A. KENNEDY.
Ebensburg, March 6, 1885.-c.

E. H. FLICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.

☞ Office in Room No. 7 Shenk Block, Eleventh avenue. All kind of legal business promptly and satisfactorily attended to in both English and German. Collections a specialty. [4-18,'84.]

HARDWARE! TINWARE! STOVES!

$10,000 in Goods to be Sold at Reduced Rates.

HAVING purchased for cash, we sell for cash 15 per cent. lower than elsewhere. Our fine stock of

RANGES, COOK AND PARLOR STOVES,

Are unexcelled in QUALITY AND LOW FIGURES. AN IMMENSE LINE OF *Hardware, Tin Copper, Sheet iron and Silverware, Horse and Stable Furnishings,* AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

☞ Read our astonishingly low price list:

17 qt. dish pan, pressed	$ 30	4 tin nest pails, with dipper	$ .75
14 qt. dish pan, pressed	45	3 pressed tin basins, nested	25
12 qt. dish pan, pressed	40	2 pudding pans	15
11 qt. dish pan, pressed	30	1 doz tin cups	35
14 qt. bucket	35	1 large wash boiler, No. 8	95
10 qt. bucket	25	2 good corn brooms	28
1 two hoop bucket, wooden	15	3 coal buckets	1.00
1 three hoop bucket, wooden	20	Coal oil, per gal	10
4 qt. coffee pot	25	Clothes pins, per doz	01
3 qt. coffee pot	20	White lead, per cwt	6 50
2 qt. coffee pot	15	Nails, per keg	2.45

Your attention is called to our fine assortment of Wall Paper.—

FULL LINE OF BUILDERS' MATERIAL,
PAINT, VARNISH AND GLASS AT SPECIAL RATES.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

☞ All are invited to convince themselves of our SUPERIOR GOODS AND LOW PRICES.

A. C. BUCK & CO.,
Gallitzin, Pa.

SAVE YOUR MONEY
—IN BUYING YOUR—
RANGES, COOKING AND HEATING STOVES,
Cellar Furnaces, Fire-Place Heaters,
Tinware, Copper Ware, Sheetiron Ware,
Lamp Goods of Every Description,
Knives and Forks, Spoons, Soup Ladles,
Granite Ware, Coffee Mills, Plated-ware,
Toilet Sets, Cake Boxes, Bread Closets,
Clothes-wringers, Egg Beaters, Slaw Cutters,
Iron Stands, Fancy Spittoons, Slop Buckets.
Hard Coal Parlor Heaters,
Soft Coal Parlor Heaters,
Copper Kettles, Brass Kettles,
Iron Kettles, Steam Cookers,
Rice, Milk and Farina Boilers,
Perfect Waffle Irons, Boilers of all Kinds,
Meat Pounders, Mincing Knives, Saw Knives,

And a Large Stock of KITCHEN ARTICLES, will be sold at Low Prices. Call and Examine the Goods. ☞ LOOK FOR MY NAME ON THE WINDOW, AND YOU WILL BE SURE TO FIND THE RIGHT PLACE.

FRANK W. HAY,
No. 280 Washington Street, - - - - - JOHNSTOWN, PA.

EBENSBURG NORMAL
—AND—
TRAINING SCHOOL.

The FOURTH SPRING TERM of this School will open on
MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1885,

For a term of *Ten Weeks,* in charge of Lewis Strayer, County Superintendent, and J. W. Leech, Principal of Ebensburg Schools. Three departments:

PREPARATORY,
Regular Teachers' Course,

And a class for those preparing for PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATES.

A new feature of the school will be the
TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS.

☞ Write for circular giving full information to COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT, Box 208, Ebensburg, Pa.
March 6, 1885.-d.

L. F. DARNELL,
FLORIST,
Johnstown, Penn'a,
Makes a *Specialty* of
FINE FLORAL WORK
—FOR—
BALLS, PARTIES, WEDDINGS,
FUNERALS, ETC., ETC.

☞ Flowers packed and sent safely any distance by Express. [feb20-2m.]

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Personal Property.

The subscriber will sell at his residence in Munster township on
MONDAY MARCH 16th, 1885,
at **10 o'clock, a. m.,** the following personal property, to-wit:
TWO BEEF COWS, FOUR SPRINGERS, FOUR HEAD OF TWO-YEAR OLDS AND SIX YEARLINGS.

☞ Terms made known on day of sale.
[March 6.-td.] JOHN CAIN.

NOT DEAD YET
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING,

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

☞ No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.
Give me a ca and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

STAR-SHAVING PARLOR!
Three Doors West of Postoffice,
HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA
J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

LORETTO HOUSE,
(Formerly known as the Myers House)
LORETTO, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.
JOSEPH F. DURBIN, Proprietor.

☞ Sample Room for Salesmen and good stabling for horses. ☞ TERMS MODERATE.
Feb. 20.-3m.

AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful electric Corsets. Sample free to those becoming agents. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Address DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N. Y.
March 13, 1m.

I WILL PAY $2.50 PER DAY
To all who work for me at home. To many I can afford to pay more.
STEADY EMPLOYMENT. Light, Pleasant Work.
Send Postal Card to W. W. RIDOUT, Louisville, Ky.
March 13.-1m.

ENCOURAGE
HOME INDUSTRY.

The attention of buyers is respectfully invited to my large stock of
ELEGANT FURNITURE,
—CONSISTING OF—
Parlor and Chamber Suits,
WARDROBES, SIDEBOARDS,
Centre, Extension and Breakfast Tables,
CHAIRS, CUPBOARDS, SINKS,
BED SPRING MATTRESSES,

and in fact nearly everything pertaining to the Furniture business. Also, any goods in that line manufactured in the United States sold at the lowest catalogue prices.

Upholstering, Repairing and Painting

of all kind of Furniture, Chairs, Lounges, &c. promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Ware room on High street, opposite the Congregational church. Please call and examine goods whether you wish to purchase or not.

E. B. CRESSWELL.
Ebensburg, April 18, 1884.-1y.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Money Received on Deposit
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold and a
General Banking Business Transacted.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $160,000
Only 7 Assessments in 28 Years.
Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1881.-1y.

THOUSANDS OF HOLIDAY BARGAINS!!
ALL AROUND OUR BIG RETAIL STORES.
Prices Away Down To-Day!
BLACK SILKS, COLORED SILKS,
DRESS GOODS,
Ladies' and Misses' Winter Wraps,
Mascottes, Jackets, Dolmans, Plush Coats, at $20.00 and upwards.
Seal Skin Sacques and Dolmans at reduced prices, and only in the best quality.
Lace Curtains, Table Linens, Towels, Holiday Handkerchiefs, by the Million.
Fancy Goods for the Holidays, now ready in great variety.
Largest Retail Establishment
IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.
Samples and Prices Sent Promptly, on Application.
JOS. HORNE & CO'S
RETAIL STORES.
Penn Avenue,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St. N. Y.

DYNAMITE.

A Recipe for Making This too Popular Explosive.

Many of the ideas held even by generally well-informed persons in regard to this awful explosive are a little short of wild.

"Nitro-glycerine," said a gentleman who is pretty well informed upon the subject, "is made by uniting nitric acid with glycerine at a warm temperature. It is then absorbed in 'infusorial earth,' which is the residue of microscopic animals, and has great absorptive power. It is really a mineral, and is found in large quantities in the earth. The infusorial earth has much the greater absorptive capacity, and will hold a great deal more nitro-glycerine in the same amount of space."

"Is dynamite really so dangerous to handle as a great many think?"

"Well, the men who make and handle it say that they are not at all afraid of it, and it is well known that if it is lighted with a match it will burn up like paper and do no harm; but at the same time there are scores of cases on record where the stuff has exploded without any one or anything touching it, and they haven't found out yet what causes it to go off. One reason for this, though, is that any one who is near enough to notice what might make it explode is usually collected in fragments after the explosion. I suppose it explodes from decomposition."

"In what shape is it usually made up?"

"In cans or packages. It is not a cake, I believe, but in the form of a loose powder."

"What is the most common way of setting it off?"

"All these explosives are set off by percussion. They use fulminate of mercury, the material that is in percussion caps. This makes a very quick explosion. Fulminate of mercury is used because the vibrations it makes in exploding are the same in number as those made by the dynamite. The terrific results of dynamite are caused by the suddenness of the explosion."

"What are these infernal machines?"

"An infernal machine is simply a box, or something of the sort, containing dynamite and clockwork, so arranged that at a certain time a hammer falls upon a percussion cap and the thing explodes. There is one striking difference between dynamite and gunpowder, which is that dynamite will do its deadly work without being confined, whereas gunpowder will not. A few spoonfuls of dynamite set off on the top of a bowlder would shatter it, while the same or a much larger amount of gunpowder would simply end in a puff of smoke. Again, gunpowder fractures with a smooth cleavage, and dynamite grinds up the rock and breaks it into small pieces."

A GOOD BIG STATE.

Plenty of Room for Settlers in California Yet.

A great many do not seem to have a very correct idea of the size or immense area of California. It is 770 miles long, being bounded its entire length on the west by the Pacific Ocean. Its greatest width is 330 miles, and it contains 188,981 square miles, or 120,947,840 square acres of land. Compared to other States of the Union, it is four times the size of New York; it is twenty four times as large as Massachusetts; it is one hundred times as large as Rhode Island. Compared to European countries it is four-fifths the size of Austria, and lacks but a fraction of equaling the entire area of France. It is nearly twice the size of Italy, and is one half times greater than the whole British isles constituting Great Britain. California contains 20,000,000 acres of land suited to cultivation and profitable agricultural pursuits. The population of California in 1880—the census year—including the Indians but excluding the Chinese and Japanese, was 789,617. It now has a much larger population. With one-fourth the territory New York had a population of 5,000,000 in 1880, or over six times the population of California. With one twenty-fourth the territory Massachusetts had a population of 1,800,000 or nearly twice the population of California. With the same territory, France has a population of 38,000,000 or forty times the population of California. When it is stated that acre for acre, or square mile for square mile, the whole area of California is capable of sustaining a larger number of people than New York or Massachusetts, and an equal greater number than France, it will be seen that there is still room for people to settle and make homes in California.

ONLY A PRIVATE.

But he Showed a Soul that was Simply Heroic.

Louis Abear was a private in Company H, [illegible] Michigan Cavalry, and made a good soldier. At the battle of Trevillian Station he was taken prisoner, and before his release he was confined in five different prison-pens and two jails.

While he was in Millen Prison, an exchange of sixty prisoners was to be made. The officer of the day told off sixty names at the door of the pen, but for some reason, probably because he was too ill or perhaps dead, one man did not come forth. At that moment Louis, who had been sent out after fuel, under guard, of course, came through the gates pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with wood.

"Here, Louis, here's a chance for you. We want sixty men to go North and are short one. Jump into the ranks here!" exclaimed the officer.

"To be exchanged?" asked Louis, trembling more than he did when under fire.

"Yes. Be quick."

"Then take Hank. He's sick, and will die if he remains here," and Louis darted into the hospital ward. Hank had a pair of pantaloons and shoes, but no coat or hat. Louis pulled off his, put them on Hank, and brought him out, weak and tottering. As Hank filed out the gate and once more breathed the air of freedom, Louis, hatless and coatless, took hold of the handles of his wheelbarrow and started for another load of wood.

"Can mortal mind conceive of such an act? It cost him seven months of a living death, and all for a man with whom he was not even intimately acquainted."

"And now for the other side of the picture. Ever since the close of the war, until a few months ago when Hank died, these two men have lived right here in Wayne County, Hank with a home and family, Louis with neither; have met occasionally, but at no time did Hank ever refer to the act in Millen Prison that set him free and saved his life, never invited him to his home, never alluded to the past, or addressed his savior other than as a mere acquaintance. On his death-bed, however, he told the story, and asked his relatives, if they ever had an opportunity, to befriend Louis for his sake. It was tardy acknowledgment of one of the noblest acts the world has ever known.—[Detroit Free Press.

A Fisherman Artist.

There is a collection of paintings on exhibition in Boston, the work of a man who was a few years ago a Gloucester fisherman. His name is George W. Harvey, and his pictures are marines. The attention of summer visitors to Gloucester was first attracted to his work. A little technical skill added to what he had taught himself soon gave him rank among the best of marine painters. His present collection of fifty pictures is the fruit of one summer's work, and they readily bring prices ranging from twenty-five to fifty dollars. He has the great merit of thoroughly knowing his subject, for if anybody finds out what the sea is like at its ugliest it is the patient, stout-hearted fisherman who goes down to the banks in the staunch little Gloucester schooners.

Fond father—"See here, my daughter, this will never do. You must not invite those young ladies to your wedding." Daughter—"And why not pa? They are particular friends of mine. There can certainly be no objection to them socially. Their father is a bank president." "Exactly so, my child, and that's just why they must not come. His bank is the only one I have an account with and they might tell their father about that $500 check which I am to give you to display among your wedding presents." "But suppose they do, pa?" "Can't you see? He knows I never had $500 there at one time in my life."

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1885. 1885.

THE WEEKLY POST

Under a Democratic National Administration.

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THE PITTSBURG WEEKLY POST

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"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

Cleveland and Hendricks have been elected. After the fourth of March there will be a Democratic administration at Washington, with great possibilities for the progress, prosperity and advancement of the country.

As The Post has labored unceasingly for twenty-five years for these glorious results, so it will extend to the new administration a hearty greeting and a cordial support in the re-establishment of principles and policies vital to the public welfare, by reforming abuses, righting wrongs and asserting the supremacy of the Democratic faith. We are on the threshold of important events and great changes. To a Democrat who aided in Cleveland's election, the future is full of interest and hope.

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A PANTHER AND A RATTLESNAKE

And a Lone Fisherman Have a Very Lively Time of It.

Three men sat on a settee in one corner of the barroom of the Miners' Arms, in Front street, last evening, with heads close together, smoking short brier-wood pipes and talking in a slow way, as if they had to stop and throw their weight on it before getting a word longer than one syllable spoken. They were dressed in corduroy trousers, tucked into the tops of their boots, and short thick coats. They were going over their experiences in the Rocky Mountain regions, the hotel being a resort for old-country miners on their way East or West. Finally one of the group named Andrew McDonald straightened up and said, in a louder voice than he had hitherto used: "You may talk about sea serpents, but my pards had an adventure with a rattler last spring that knocks out any yarn you ever heard."

Half a dozen loungers and a reporter gathered around the miner while he continued:

"His name was Heman Fish, and he came from western Ohio. We called him Heme for short. He could do two things better than any man I ever saw. One was to fish and the other was to handle a blacksnake whip. I reckon most of you know what a blacksnake whip is. Heme could pick a fly from the ear of the off mule of a four-in-hand, and never let the mule know a whip was anywhere about.

"Last spring he and I got on a spree in St. Louis, and when we shook ourselves together again we found ourselves in a town called Paola, Kansas. As Heme's head began to shrink, he took a notion that we should go away from there by the overland route, and so we went down to Fort Scott and joined the caravan that was bound for New Mexico across the Staked Plains."

"A caravan across the Staked Plains from Fort Scott last spring?" the bartender remarked with some emphasis.

"Yes," said McDonald, as though irritated. "We had followed the procession about two weeks, when one evening we camped on one of the northerly branches of the Red River of the South in a bit of timber. Without waiting a minute Heme drew a fish line and pole from its hooks under the canvas of our prairie schooner and started down the creek for a mess of fish. Somehow he didn't seem to have his usual luck. The sun was just sinking, and Heme walked on from pool to pool, now and then dropping his line in without success till he was about half a mile down stream. There in an open space, where the grass was short but the woods thick, a few rods away he found a big dead tree that had fallen into the creek and washed around with the top down stream. Just below this the water was deep and still, and as his hook sank into the water he felt the first blood-stirring tug of the evening. It was a catfish. Not very exciting sport, you will say to catch a bullhead, but then the eating of them is never to be despised. For fifteen minutes Heme was so busy that he did not notice the flight of time, but just as he felt a tug on his line for the eighth time, he became aware that something was about to happen that he had not anticipated. He said afterward that he felt just as a man does who wakes up at midnight to find himself bolt upright in bed, hearing nothing and wondering what was the matter. The feeling was so strong that instead of landing the fish he looked slowly around. Not five feet away to his left was a big panther, arching its back and rubbing the sides of its head along the grass and smiling at him, almost, as it lashed its tail from side to side. It was playing with him cat fashion. Meantime the catfish had swallowed the hook and was tugging away so hard that, in spite of his scare, which made his broad-brimmed hat tremble, he turned to look at the line and the bobbing cork which he always fished with. From the agitated water about the cork his eye fell on a six-foot rattler that was making its way over the edge of the bank of the creek from the old dead log, and was headed directly for him. From the snake he looked to the cavorting panther, and then back to the ugly reptile, afraid to strike with his pole lest the panther should spring on him, and afraid to stand still lest the snake should attack him as soon as it was near enough. Somehow the movements of the panther, as it trotted about, rolled over, or jumped stiff legged into the air, proved a stronger attraction, and for a minute he watched it attentively, until the fish gave a last effort to free itself from the hook. The panther was walking away as if to leave its victim in peace, when Heme looked around and saw the snake was passing him, headed for the timber. Then the inspiration came which saved his life. He had the pole in his left hand. Stooping over he caught the reptile by the tail. Quick as this was done the panther saw the motion, and turning about settled for a spring as Heme whirled the snake easily but rapidly over his head. The panther was too late. Heme's skill with the whip enabled him to drop the rattler comfortably about the panther's neck, and the next instant buried its fangs in the beast's tongue that showed through its half open mouth.

"Then Heme got really frightened, and, with a yell, he plunged into the creek, and floundering across, ran breathlessly up stream to the camp. When he had managed to gasp out his story, the whole camp roared with laughter at the comical figure and at what seemed to be about the most unlikely yarn they had ever heard."

"See here, Mack, who primed you to tell that?" said the bartender, wiping his hands on his partly white apron.

"Primed be ——," said the story teller. "It's true. I've got the snake's rattle, and I'll show it to you."

He took a solid-looking valise from behind the bar, and, while fumbling for his key, said: "It took us about ten minutes to reach the spot where Heme had been fishing. The panther was still alive, but he was on his last legs. The snake was in two pieces, the panther having chawed its head off after he was bitten. I cut the rattle off, and here it is."

There were twelve of the rattles, besides the button on the end. The snake was thirteen years of age. The bartender walked behind the bar and passed down a big cut-glass bottle, containing a yellowish fluid, as he placed a number of little smooth round tumblers beside it he said: "It's yours, boys. I give it up. The rattles prove it."—[New York Sun.

A Case that Puzzled the Whole Faculty

Mrs. Milo Ingrum gave the names of some of the most reputable physicians in the two cities (Pittsburgh and Allegheny), to whom she had paid large sums of money for treatment, but she rapidly grew worse. She was then taken to the most reputable physicians and surgeons in New York, but with no better success. They had all pronounced it cancer, and declared she must die. The flesh of her breast was eaten away down to her ribs; the breast bone was laid bare, and the disease made its way upwards, causing the breast to become detached from the wall of the chest, hanging loose from above. See page 26, of Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life," how Peruna cured her. They are given away by druggists, gratis.

Says neighbor Smith, "My little girl was pale and sickly, rapidly losing flesh, appetite variable, and sleep much disturbed. Her condition was becoming alarming.—Was advised by a friend to try McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders. Administered three and she expelled the enormous number of 132 worms." Neighbor Smith now thinks McDonald's Worm Powders are the greatest vermifuge in existence. For sale by E. James, Ebensburg.
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The worst case in Cambria county of scrofula, erysipelas, tetter or blood disease of any nature, inherited or acquired, to purchase one bottle of McDonald's great blood purifier or sarsaparilian alternative, use as directed and if not benefitted many times the value of its cost, your money will be refunded. Johnston, Holloway & Co., Philadelphia agents. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg. [5-9.-1y.*]

Just So!

Seven out of ten you meet have a bad cold, and with coughing, hawking and snorting are about kept busy. Do a good thing for yourself at once, by going to the nearest drug store and getting a bottle of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine. If you are not satisfied that it is worth all you pay, the druggist will hand you back your money. For sale by E. James.

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For toothache and neuralgia has no equal. Warranted. Only 15 cents at all drug stores. Johnston, Holloway & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

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Cure for Croup.—Use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil according to directions. It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of colds, pain and inflammation, *and injuries*

HANDY HINTS.

Many Useful Suggestions for the Household.

A handsome sofa-pillow cover is made of crimson satin, with a large half-circle of embroidery in a lighter shade of crimson upon the upper side.

A lambrequin that is both pretty and serviceable for the sitting-room is made of dark-seine twine. It should be one-quarter of yard deep before the fringe is put in, and that may be of any depth to please the fancy. One made of dark green, with a cardinal satin ribbon, is very handsome.

A pleasant entertainment for a few friends is called a "quotation party." When the invitations are given the request accompanies them that the recipient will come to the party with three quotations memorized. When these quotations are given, the name of the author is to be given by any one of the company who can do so. The one who first guesses or gives the name receives a favor, usually a flower; if this is not practicable a bit of narrow, bright ribbon that can be tied in the button hole, is substituted.

Window plants should have plenty of blossoms at the proper time, but in order to blossom they must be plentifully supplied with roots. In lifting plants it is often the practice to reduce the ball of earth lifted with the plant by crumbling the soil around the sides. This destroys the roots to such an extent that the feeding portion of them is completely mutilated, and, as a consequence, fresh rootlets have to start out all over the leading roots before any food can be supplied to support the evaporation rapidly going on from the leaves and stems, especially in very succulent kinds.

A very pretty vase-mat border can be made from the ravelings of Brussels carpet. Cut a foundation piece of the size and shape desired from crinoline. Allow for a border all around two inches wide, and cover the centre with a piece of bright-colored flannel, cloth or velvet. Cut the ravelings into pieces four inches long and arrange in bundles of four or five threads each. Use darning cotton, and punching holes close together in the foundation border, fasten on these bundles by drawing the centers through the holes and holding them in place with the darning cotton. Or, the ravelings can be sewed on in any manner most handy to form a full moss border. The mixture of colors is very effective.

Boys are sometimes helped to form habits of order and of good behavior by being allowed to wear some article of dress which they admire and really wish to wear, and for which they must take thought. For example, a boy who had leanings toward pugilism was presented with a pair of sleeve buttons, for which he had longed; they were made of celluloid, and represented a skull and cross-bones. So great was his fear that a cross-bone might be broken off and lost, that his walks to and from school were characterized by remarkable self-control. Another boy is allowed occasionally to wear a watch that was presented to him by his grand-father," and which has, as he says, "a plate glass front," and so must be carefully guarded. Of course, after a time the novelty wears off, but every time that a child behaves properly instead of improperly a tendency in the right direction is developed.

A musical and literary society, which has been popular and successful for two winters past and is still alive, adopted this method of determining who should take part in the programme of the next meeting: In the first place it is perfectly well understood that each member of the society will take part; then the names are put into a hat and are well shaken; then the president, who is blindfolded, selects the names, one at a time. She hands them to the secretary, who reads them at once. Usually it is customary to assign to each one a part which it is well known he or she can take with ease, but sometimes, for fun, and to vary the proceedings, a programme is made out, and then the subjects or parts are designated on separate bits of paper, they are put into a hat and each one who has already had her name drawn from the hat, draws a slip of paper, and is obliged to accept as her own the part assigned.

Tidies for the common sitting-room should be of inexpensive material, and of a kind that may be laundried. A pretty tidy that answers these requirements is made of white crash; the ends are fringed out to the depth of four or possibly five inches, the edge is overcast to prevent further fringing; two inches above the beginning of the fringe threads are drawn out crosswise, and a ribbon is run in; this is put in so that the drawn threads appear in the form of squares; the effect is very pretty. This tidy is long enough so that it can be gathered in the center; it may be tied with a ribbon, or may be simply fastened blindly with a white thread. Another tidy of this description is crocheted of seine twine and has two spaces left for narrow ribbons to be run in. In place of ribbon strips of silesia doubled may be used. The bottom is finished with fringe. Pieces for the arms of the chair may be made to match, but in these only one space for ribbon should be left, and no fringe required.

Millions in Cattle.

Some of the wealthiest cattle companies are located in Texas, Colorado and New Mexico, as follows: Texas Live Stock Company, $45,000,000; Cherokee Live Stock, $45,000,000; South Texas, $21,000,000; Northern New Mexico, $10,000,000; Central New Mexico, $6,000,000; Lincoln Company of New Mexico, $8,000,000; Milo A. Smith, Socorro, N. M., $2,000,000. A dozen companies represent $175,000,000. In this ratio it will be only a few years before the vast domain of fine grazing land will be controlled by cattle companies and reap the immense profits of this multiplying wealth of the United States.

There never has been offered the people of Cambria county a medicine so deserving of praise and patronage as McDonald's celebrated Worm Powders. They combine the three most desirable points in any remedy viz: Smallness of dose, easiness to take and effectiveness. They are positively the greatest worm destroyer of the age. Many children suffer continually and finally die, their parents never dreaming that their stomachs are infested and eaten through with worms. Twenty-five cents invested in a box of McDonalds celebrated Worm Powders would have saved the little sufferer's life and given back its rosy cheeks and blooming health. Any case of failure to cause expulsion where worms exist, the money promptly refunded. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg.
Johnston, Holloway & Co.,
[5-9.-1y*] Philadelphia Agents.

His Slippery Glass Eye.

"The Squire," says the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "wore one glass eye and a wig. The glass eye was constantly slipping out of focus, and the wig turning around sidewise on his head when he addressed the people of the Flat Creek District." Sad spectacle. Parker's Hair Balsam preserves and promotes the growth of the natural hair. It also restores the natural color to hair which has faded or become gray. Clean, elegant, beneficial, highly perfumed.

The use of Iodoform or mercurials in the treatment of catarrh—whether in the form of suppositories or ointments—should be avoided, as they are both injurious and dangerous. Iodoform is easily detected by its offensive odor. The only reliable catarrh remedy on the market to-day is Ely's Cream Balm, being free from all poisonous drugs. It has cured thousands of chronic and acute cases, where all other remedies have failed. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents; of druggists.

New York, Jan. 27, 1884.—Messrs. Ely Bros.—Gentlemen: My boy (3 years old) was recently taken with cold in the head which seemed finally to settle in his nose.—His nose was stopped up for days and nights so that it was difficult for him to breathe and sleep. I called a physician who prescribed, but did him no good. Finally I went to the drug store and got a bottle of your Cream Balm. It seemed to work like magic. The boy's nose was clear in two days, and he has been o. k. ever since.—E. J. Hazzard.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
—For sale at James' Drug Store.

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets never fail.

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Wolf's Pioneer Clothing House,
TO CRUSH OUT
High-Toned PRICES
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OUR LONG AND ACTIVE EXPERIENCE IN THE SALE OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING
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Gives us the advantage of knowing the wants of all classes of people. An experience of thirty years of successful business enables us to buy or have made such clothing as will suit the trade.

Our Stock of Spring and Summer Clothing

For Men and Boys is simply immense. Better goods were never put together, the style, workmanship and variety having never been equaled at this or any other house. All our goods are made to order and the prices are scaled down to induce rapid sales. Everybody will therefore subserve their own interests by buying at

GODFREY WOLF'S Old Reliable CLOTHING HOUSE,
NEXT TO POSTOFFICE, ALTOONA, PA.

P. S.—Our Youths' Departments contains the largest and best assortment of clothing in the city, and our stock of Furnishing Goods is unsurpassed in quantity, quality and cheapness by any other stock of the kind here or elsewhere.

Great Bargains
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GOLDEN EAGLE CLOTHING HOUSE
COUCH'S NEW BUILDING,
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WHERE HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED ABOUT
$20,000 WORTH of the BEST QUALITY and BEST MADE CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.,

Which we guarantee to sell at 20 per cent. less than any other Clothing House in the city. Buyers may therefore rest assured that they can save from two to five dollars in the purchase of a suit of clothes or an overcoat by dealing with us. So please give us a call and examine our goods and learn our prices before investing your money elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

H. MARCH, Proprietor.
ALTOONA, PA., OCTOBER 27, 1882.-tf.

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LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF
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to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and number and fail not to call buy and be happy.

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Are Annually Sown and Planted in Half a Million Gardens!
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ALWAYS BUY THE NEWEST AND THE BEST!
When it don't cost any more than an article you have had a hundred times, you for the last fifty times you wished for something new.
MARVIN'S SUPERIOR CRACKERS
ARE ALWAYS THE BEST.
—Ask your Grocer for the following New Goods—
GINGER FINGERS. BIG COOKIES, same as your Grandmother made.
DIAMONDS AND SWEET HEARTS—this is Entirely New.
ICED HONEY FINGER CAKES. WHITE ELEPHANT CAKES, you want to see these.
TABLE BISCUIT, just what you want. TOAST BISCUIT, it saves lots of trouble.
EXTRA SODAS AND OAT MEAL CRACKERS.
Our reputation on these Goods is greater than we care to state; but when you don't feel well, or have been sick, and don't know what to eat, then is the time you will appreciate Marvin's Extra Soda Crackers.
—ALWAYS ASK FOR MARVIN'S CRACKERS AT YOUR GROCERS.—
Office and Factory, 91, 93, 95 & 97 Liberty St., Pittsburgh

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VASELINE
(PETROLEUM JELLY.)
One Ounce bottles reduced from 15 cts. to 10 cents
Two Ounce bottles reduced from 25 cts. to 15 cents
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The public must not accept any but original goods bottled by us, as the imitations are worthless.
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TREATMENT

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.
WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES
To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by
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862 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILLS.,
Sole Prop's West's Liver Pills.

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In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhea, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.
Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.
Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Prop't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 220 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

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AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful Electric Corsets. [illegible] Quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed.
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EXTERNALLY it is used for all kinds of injuries; relieving pain instantly, and rapidly healing the wounded parts.
Gives prompt and permanent relief in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS of every description.
INTERNALLY.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.
In NASAL CATARRH, Fetid Discharges from the EAR, OZÆNA, Affections of the ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a boon to both Physician and Patient.
For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and to prevent the spread of CONTAGION, it is the best DISINFECTANT known.
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FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success.
Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. Infallible if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

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All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our Improved Lever Positive Force Feed Grain Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are claimed to be the best, and can be sold on trial. All are warranted. Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co., Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.

GOLD WRITING INK. FOR CARDS, Invitations, Autographs, &c. Has the beauty of burnished gold.—Agents make $5 to $10 per day. Samples, 25c. Stamp for terms. IMPERIAL GOLD INK CO., Box 31, Rosedale, N. Y.

THREE ELEPHANT STORIES.

Treed by an Angry Brute—An Intrepid Beast in Battle.

Major Rogers had been out shooting, and had discharged all his guns, when an elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for 400 yards the Major kept just ahead, feeling at every step as if the trunk was trying to twist itself about his loins. A turn around a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of by springing up into the branches; he was as nimble as a cat and as strong as a lion. One foot higher and he would have been out of the elephant's reach; but before he had time to draw up his legs the elephant had got him firmly clinched in the toils of his proboscis. Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily into the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long, for, to the delight of the pursued, the Wellington boot which the former wore slipped off, released the leg and saved the life of poor Rogers. The dilemma, however, did not end here, for the elephant finding himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches and kept his anticipated victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the country postman happened to pass. Rogers gave him notice of his position, and soon help came, and the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yelling. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle the officer would have been starved to death in the tree.

There is a beautiful story of an old elephant engaged in a battle on the plains of India. He was standard-bearer, and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rally-point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mahout," or driver, had just given him the word to halt, when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe they were being beaten, and rallied again and again around the colors. And all the while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. Then they sent to a village one hundred miles away and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed to then remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

"The native Hindoo," the narrator of this story tells us, "from want of thought keeps up a constant drumming on the beast's head with the goad, or 'ankus;' I therefore hoped not to use it at all. Such an improvement all at once, however, proved more than the elephantine mind could grasp. He began really to enjoy himself, going his own way more than mine, till at last he marched straight into an immense forest tree of the banyan species, and commenced to browse. He seized the boughs above his head, and, tugging violently at them, brought them down on my devoted skull. This was too much. I raised the ankus and brought it down on his head with a blow that brought blood through the skin. This had the desired effect, and he at once bundled off along the road by which he knew I wanted to go. He merely took with him a branch about the size of a small apple tree to discuss as he went along. From this moment we were friends, and I don't think I ever had to use the hook again so as to bring blood.—[London Times.

REMARKABLE MEMORIES.

Wonderful Feats of Men Who Could Remember Well.

There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse forty thousand words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in the reversed order without making a single mistake. A physician, about sixty years ago, could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" without a mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind could repeat the whole of Virgil's "Æneid" and could remember the first line and the last line in every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind. One kind of retentive memory may be considered as the result of sheer work, a determination toward one particular achievement, without reference either to cultivation or to memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in humble life in regard to the bible. An old beggarman at Sterling, known about fifty years ago as "Blind Alick," afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the bible by heart, insomuch that if a sentence was read to him, he could name the book, chapter, and verse; or if the book, chapter, and verse were named, he could give the exact words. A gentleman, to test him, repeated a verse, purposely making one verbal inaccuracy. Alick hesitated, named the place where the passage was to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers. Alick almost instantly replied: "There is no such verse. That chapter has only eighty-nine verses." Gassendi had acquired by heart six thousand Latin verses, and in order to give his memory exercise he was in the habit daily of reciting six hundred verses from different languages.—[Toronto Globe.

Remarks on Sleep.—Always sleep with your eyes shut.

Never eat just after going to sleep.

A person should never get up in the morning before he is awake.

Never sleep with your head to the east. The yeast makes things rise too soon.

Men, women and children require just so much sleep and if they do not get it they loose it.

Babies ought to sleep twenty four hours per day. But we never had one that would do it.

Sleep is wearied nature's sweet restorer. Under its sweet influence the whole system becomes lax. This is the reason we all sleep so well.

If you are in the habit of snoring and can't breathe without snoring, don't breathe. It is better to stop your breath and die than to snore.

A man should lie in bed at least eight hours out of the twenty-four. All except lawyers. They lie so much all the time it don't make any difference whether they sleep or not.

Some people say that a feather bed is unhealthy, but we don't know feathers is or not. If the feathers come off of a hen that laid unhealthy eggs we suppose it is.

A man should never jump out of bed very sudden. It starts the circulation too quick. He ought to turn over and stretch and yawn and gape, and scratch, and lie still, and wait till some of the women folks get up and make the fire.

For scrofula, erysipelas, teter, salt rheum, skin disease, humors, sores, eruptions, pimples, blotches, swellings, tumors, boils, ulcers, scald head, ringworm, hives, and all blood disorders, no remedy ever devised equals in efficacy and power McDonald's great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative. Warranted. For sale by E. James.
Johnston, Holloway & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

That

feeling of mental dullness, that troublesome bilious headache, fastidiousness as to food, and weary aching pain in the small of the back can all be gotten rid of by using one box of McDonald's Improved Liver Pills. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. Johnston, Holloway & Co., Philadelphia, "Agents." [5-9,-1y.*]

Croup, Whooping Cough and even Asthma *immediately* relieved by Acker's English Remedy. Sold under guarantee by E. James.

"I Don't Feel Well!" The stomach is out of order; neglected, this means chronic dyspepsia. You should take Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets and avoid this terrible disease. Sold by E. James.